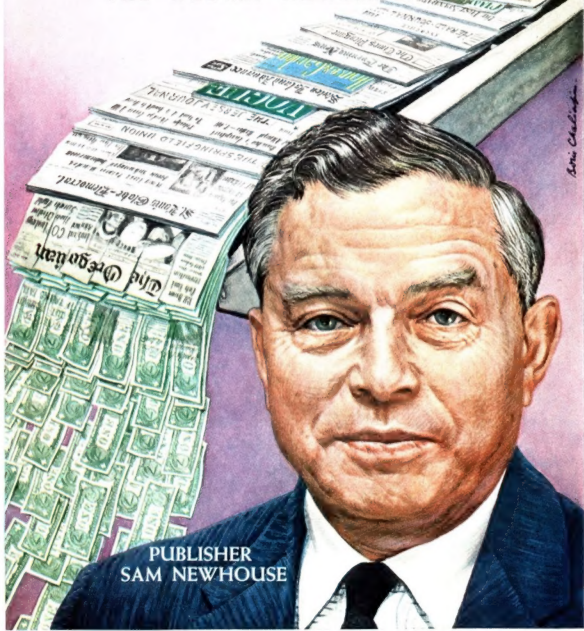


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 27, 1962

# TIME

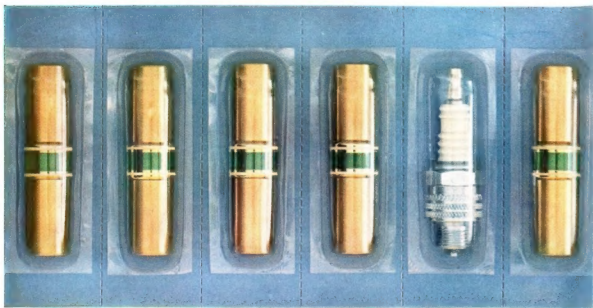
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



PUBLISHER  
SAM NEWHOUSE

VOL. LXXX NO. 4

(THIS IS THE NEW YORK EDITION)



## INDUSTRY FINDS AN IDEA IN THE DRUG STORE

Shopping in the drug store today is so easy and convenient, thanks to transparent packaging. Everything from lipsticks to razor blades are smartly display-packaged in their own plastic bubbles, called "blister packs."

But, did you know that industry is discovering just how valuable the same kind of visible packaging can be to manufacturing operations? Not to sell merchandise, but to protect small parts from damage, transport them safely and insure fast, accurate assembly on the production line.

The electronic industry, is adopting this packaging technique. Here, where complex assemblies are made from hundreds of parts, "blister" packaging keeps these parts spotless, easily identified and safely organized until the time of assembly.

And inventory control is far simpler, too. Packaged units are readily identifiable to type, color or size, and the possibility of mix-ups is virtually eliminated.

As one of the world's leading producers of transparent acetate sheet for blister packaging, Celanese has pioneered in the development of this method for merchandising thousands of retail items: drugs, cosmetics, housewares and toys. Now, with industry beginning to use the same techniques to improve manufacturing, Celanese, through its Packaging Materials Center, is prepared to offer assistance to businesses that are thinking of visible packaging as a production tool.

The expanding usefulness of visible packaging is a good example of the practical benefits that result when chemistry and research are put to work for you. Celanese Corporation of America, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

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BY OUR

## CREATIVE CREWS



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This meat packer really had a problem! Their plant, in a major Western city, was located in a highly congested area. It was becoming more and more difficult to get a truck up to the dock for loading. And, if they used regular refrigerator rail cars, it meant unloading and transferring the cargo to trucks at the destination. Either way, it took too much time and cost too much money.

The only solution seemed to be to rebuild the plant at tremendous expense. But then, with the cooperation of the shipper, one of our Creative Crews got on the job. They solved the problem by designing a new type of Flexi-Van "piggy back" trailer. They put a door in the

side of the insulated, refrigerated Flexi-Van which rests flush on a flat car so that its availability at a loading dock is the same as a refrigerator car. Then it was an easy matter to load quickly at dock height on the rail siding without blocking traffic or jockeying trucks about. At destination, the trailers are transferred in a matter of minutes to truck tractors for final delivery.

This is another instance of "thinking the problem through" that has made our Creative Crews famous in railroading. If you are a shipper, this talent can go to work for you. Just get in touch with your local Milwaukee Road representative. Or write *The Milwaukee Road*, Union Station Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois.

**EDWIN M. REINGOLD: MIAMI** Back in 1942, when he was only 15 and Cape Canaveral was still a wasteland, Ed Reingold was already in training for his present news bureau assignment. Each week he contributed a column to the Elizabethtown (Pennsylvania) *Chronicle* about the local spacemen—cadets in the Civil Air Patrol.

Since Elizabethtown is in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, Reingold says he grew up "exposed to the old-world, small-town virtues of thrift, simplicity and nosiness. The latter," he adds, "was the only one to rub off on me." He kept on being journalistically nosy, first in the Army Air Corps, where he wrote for the camp paper at Keesler Field, Mississippi, then at Franklin and Marshall, where he and a classmate revived the long defunct student newspaper.

Graduating from F&M in 1950, Reingold loaded his new bride into an old car and headed West to find a job as a reporter. "We were just about out of money and oil when we hit Columbus, Ohio," Reingold recalls. "So the bride went to work as a stenographer. After stopgap jobs like selling furnaces and picking turnips I eventually got onto a newspaper."

By 1958, when he joined *TIME*, Reingold was on his third newspaper, the old Columbus *Citizen*, where in two years he had moved up from a writer of obituaries to assistant city editor. *TIME* assigned him to its Chicago bureau, where he did a great deal of political reporting, including the pre-convention maneuvering of both Kennedy and Nixon and the 1960 elections.

Reingold became Miami bureau chief on January 1, 1961, just in time to cover John Kennedy's pre-inaugural working holiday in Palm Beach. "Of course the orange groves and the bathing beauties are still here," says Reingold, "and they make Florida a fine place to live. More important, the Kennedys, Cape Canaveral and Castro's refugees make it a challenging place to work."

**TIME** *The Weekly Newsmagazine*





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**You know it at a glance**—he's a grandfather. That glow of pride can't be mistaken. And you know just how he feels if you are a grandparent—or an uncle or an aunt.

There are many things you want for a child you love. One of them, probably, is a headstart toward a secure financial future. If so, you should know about a special kind of life insurance which Massachusetts Mutual offers for youngsters.

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## LETTERS

### A New Europe

Sir:

We are very grateful indeed for the hopeful and optimistic view that is reflected by your article on the "New Europe" [July 13]. The French-German reconciliation as demonstrated by De Gaulle and Adenauer last week was the necessary first step on the way to European unity. Their achievement places the two statesmen next to their predecessors, Briand and Stresemann, but the "New Europe" will grow beyond her two grand old men.

What Europe's youth is looking for is a truly New Europe united by the values of her common heritage, based on the principles of democracy, strong enough to fulfill her historic task: to overcome the dreadful division of this Continent.

KLAUS ZIRKEL  
Secretary

European Federalist Students' Association  
Munich

SIR:

TIME, JULY 13, PAGE 32, FOOTNOTE: "THOUGH NO PRIME MINISTER IN MODERN TIMES HAS BEEN A BACHELOR." TUT TUT, TIME, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

BEAVERBROOK

LONDON

► Well, sir, it all depends on whether one considers 1911 "modern times."—Ed.

### Two Colors of Apartheid

Sir:

A heartfelt thank-you for a brief but conspicuous outline [July 6] of *apartheid*. It is possible that by the time you receive this, your correspondent, Lee Griggs, will be packing his bags at the invitation of the South African government and moving elsewhere; for to criticize, censure or write about South Africa's policies in an unfavorable way is tantamount to treason.

Because of these laws, I left South Africa two years ago. They did not affect me physically, for I am white, but the mental anguish was more than I could stand, since I spent much of my time in police stations trying to locate my African workers who had been arrested for pass law offenses; the experience made me more frustrated and more aware of the treatment of blacks under *apartheid*.

(MRS.) JOAN BRICKMAN

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Your two columns on *apartheid* are factual and truthful. As a white practitioner of *apartheid*, or, as we prefer to call it, separate

development, I agree with the implication that it is wrong, oppressive, unjust, immoral—but necessary.

There is no alternative. We are outnumbered more than 3 to 1 and cannot permit even the first step toward social integration while continuing to deny political rights and power (one man, one vote!) to the blacks. We have no intention of voting ourselves into a white minority in a black South Africa. Rather will we divide our enormous country between us, and separate ourselves geographically, politically and socially. As racial majorities in our respective areas, we shall also be able to be as democratic as any other country with black (or white) minorities.

J. ROSS

Johannesburg

### From the Corps

Sir:

Your reporters discovered things about the work of the Peace Corps volunteers overseas [July 13] that even I didn't know. Congratulations to you for doing such a thorough job, and thanks for your objective analysis of the Peace Corps in action abroad. After all, what we do over there is what counts.

ROBERT SARGENT SHIRIVER JR.

Director

Washington, D.C.

### Doctors on Strike

Sir:

Those who think the Saskatchewan doctors [July 13] wrong in striking are those who think that, in the final analysis, the doctor has no right to determine the conditions under which he will practice medicine.

Let JFK try that with the railroad or steel workers and then listen to Americans yell about inalienable individual liberties.

But the doctors, of course, are a different matter; everyone knows they must serve without question. Why? Why, because they are so much more valuable. Therefore they shouldn't be allowed any inalienable individual liberties!

ROBERT H. ENGEL

New Haven, Conn.

### Does the FDA Count?

Sir:

Your article [July 13] about our publication *Calories Don't Count* according to a Food and Drug Administration release the acceptance it should normally merit. Unfortunately, this release contained misleading charges and innuendoes.

Commissioner Larrick, in referring to criticism of the book's major premise by various

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writers, failed to state that there is also very  
considerable dissatisfaction with conventional  
doctrines relating weight control to calorie  
control; he failed to state that there is in-  
deed respectable scientific evidence support-  
ing Dr. Teller's theory.

Does the FDA think that it is serving the  
public interest when it condemns as false a  
concept of obesity control merely because it  
is contrary to the preponderant conventional  
beliefs? We believe that much of the tremen-  
dous success of the book is due to the satisfac-  
tion of readers with the results they  
obtained through following the dietary regi-  
men recommended in the book. We consider  
that we had an absolute right to publish a  
theory of diet by a reputable physician.

PETER SCHWED  
Executive Editor

Simon & Schuster, Inc.  
New York City

### Requiem for a Genius

Sir: Your memorable article on William Faulk-  
ner [July 13] showed an understanding of  
Faulkner both as a personality and as a  
writer—an understanding that has been  
grasped only by a few of our literary critics.

NORMA RIDLEY

Tulsa, Okla.

Sir: Faulkner is the greatest American writer of  
the 20th century. *The Bear* is considered by  
some to be the finest piece of American writ-  
ing since *Moby Dick*. Beside him, Heming-  
way was a little boy with a popgun trying to  
act tough. The article on Faulkner was fine  
for its length, but in place of publishing a  
requiem for an American genius, you gave  
your readers a mild human-interest story  
about another peculiar Southern writer.

D. A. COWLEY

Boston

### No Discount on Enterprise

Sir: I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Eu-  
gene Ferkau [July 6]. As a small business-  
man I was very inspired by the potential  
still left in this country for an enterprising  
and imaginative person.

RICHARD P. BACHMAN

Mobile, Ala.

Sir: If, as you report, discount buying has in-  
creased consumer spending, then the phrase  
of the '60s might well become: "Are you  
spending more now, but enjoying it less?"

WILLIAM GREEN

Glenick, Penna.

### TV Across the Sea

Sir: With Telstar [July 20] a success and live  
television from Europe now a reality, will  
we be having Khrushchev's boot-stamping  
speeches on summer reruns?

RALPH HERREW

Los Altos, Calif.

Sir: The recent launching of the Telstar satel-  
lite, permitting American television programs to  
be directly broadcast to Europe, will be  
viewed by future generations as being of as  
much benefit to European culture as was the  
sacking of Rome by the Goths.

ALLEN J. POTKINS

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

### Outdoor Man

Sir: Dr. Edward C. Crafts was in no way re-  
sponsible for the alleged lack of diligence in

uprooting illegal uses of mining claims in  
our national forests [June 8].

As Secretary of Agriculture from 1945 to  
1948, I came to know and appreciate the fine  
qualities of Dr. Crafts. Since January 3,  
1949, I have been a member of the Senate  
and a member of its Committee on Interior  
and Insular Affairs. As such, I have had  
dozens of occasions to consult with Dr.  
Crafts on matters pertaining to recreation  
and the national forests, and I know quite  
a few of the considerations which Secretary  
Udall had before him when he selected Dr.  
Crafts to be head of the Bureau of Outdoor  
Recreation.

With this background, let me assure you  
that there was nothing in the record of Ed  
Crafts which precipitated his departure from  
the Forest Service and his transfer to the  
Department of the Interior.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON

U.S. Senate

Washington, D.C.

► Senator Anderson is right. Dr. Crafts was  
not responsible for the outcropping of curi-  
ous fauna in national forest land.—Ed.

### Read, Read, Read

Sir: Your fine coverage of the National Ed-  
ucation Association convention in Denver  
[July 20] leads me to predict that next Sep-  
tember a new reader (and teacher's guide)  
will be on the shelves, to wit: *Dick and Jane  
Visit Denver*.

See the principals and administrators.  
See the principals and administrators  
sit as officers and committee chairmen.

Oh! Oh! Oh! See the big Union man!

Run! Run! Run!

See Jane join the NEA.

Wouldn't it be fun to join the NEA?

Wouldn't you like to be an administra-

tor? Wouldn't it be fun to visit Denver (ex-  
penses paid—from teachers' dues)?

GUST SIAMIS

Los Angeles

Sir: I really think the whole world is out  
to bully poor, defenseless (?) Larry Siegel,  
yourselves included.

The originator of *Fun With Hamlet* and  
*His Friends*, he seems to merit no credit for  
his authorship, for you dutifully neglected  
to mention his name. Alas, do not despair;  
you are not the first. The New York *Herald  
Tribune* did likewise, and Mr. Siegel threat-  
ened, but if credit was not given where  
credit was due, due, due, he would sue, sue,  
sue. Before he issues you a similar warning,  
give a funny guy credit for a funny (ha ha  
ha) book.

BARBARA G. HANSON

Greenwich, Conn.

► See Larry Siegel.

Give him credit, credit, credit.—Ed.

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## A letter from the PUBLISHER

*Bernhard M. Auer*

*You might like to read about the way news is found—*

- By being on the scene, as Correspondent James Wilde was in the Nile hovels of Barsha, where the teen-age girls with water jugs on their heads will be married by 15 and dead by 40—an illustration of the problems that face Egypt still, ten years after Nasser seized power.
- Or riding the all-night bus, as Correspondent Ben Cate did, between one-night stands of the Stan Kenton band (*see Music*) and getting into the stiff poker game and discovering that whatever glamour there is in that kind of jazz life, it's all out front.
- Or going to the press conference when Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman blows his stack at the Republicans, and he blames his ferocity on his breakfast pill: "What do you call them—a unipill? or univac?"

*Or in the way news is told—*

- In terms of people, such as Britain's new Chancellor of the Exchequer Reggie Maundling, 45, who remembers his Oxford tutor telling him that in philosophy progress is made "not by finding the answers but by progressively clarifying the questions."
- Or Sam Newhouse, this week's cover subject, who can't sleep nights, but might try counting papers—the ones he owns, more than any other press lord in the U.S.
- Or Cary Grant, who will still be Hollywood's leading man "when the back side of the moon is selling for \$500 an acre and the Ford V-80 runs on nuclear power."

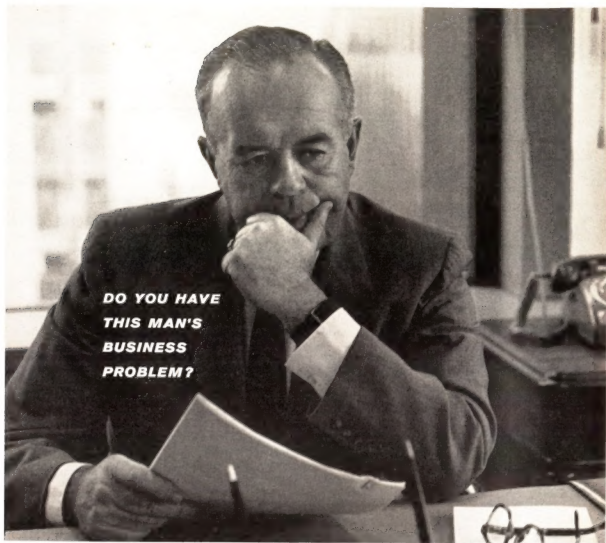
*Or the way news is remembered—*

- In catchy words such as two in BUSINESS:
- **Walkaways**, who default in their FHA mortgages by simply dropping the keys in the mailboxes of their homes and walking away from them.
- **Euro-dollars**, which look like ordinary U.S. dollars and work just as hard, but never come home.

*All in this week's issue.*

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BUSINESS  
PROBLEM?**

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accounts during short-term promotions?"*

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## THE NATION

### CONGRESS

#### The Case for Subtlety

Despite Jacqueline Kennedy's tasteful redecoration of the White House, the favorite colors of the Kennedy Administration often seem to be black and white—anything that the President does is good, and any opposition to it is bad. In a young and aggressive President, this is not completely surprising—and many Presidents before John Kennedy have viewed their own programs in equally absolute terms. But it is an attitude that often makes for cockiness along with determination, and it ignores the subtleties necessary to legislative success. Last week the venerable U.S. Senate, whose business is the greys of legislative compromise, took upon itself to teach the young President a bitter lesson about absolutes by killing his cherished medicare program.

Kennedy knew from the first that medicare could not pass this year: a similar bill is still languishing in Wilbur Mills's House Ways and Means Committee, and Mills has no intention of letting it go to the floor. But Kennedy, still smarting under his narrow squeak in the election, thought he saw in medicare a red-hot political issue with which to bludgeon his opponents and win votes for Democratic candidates in November. Though the American Medical Association far overstated the case by calling the medicare bill socialized medicine, Kennedy equated its opposition with callous disregard of elders' health. He bluntly said that he would get his way no matter what Con-



KENNEDY AFTER THE VOTE  
Beaten by his own.

gress did, and by insisting that medicare would be a partisan issue in the fall campaign, solidified Republican opposition to it. To many—including some in his own party—he seemed to be more interested in a political issue than in a bill.

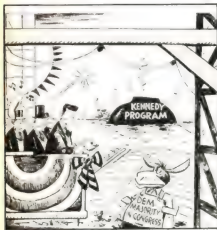
**Visions of Blame.** In order to dramatize the vision of an obstructionist Congress, he hoped to get a favorable Senate vote on medicare, then blame the well-known coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats in the House for killing it. He had good reason to believe that he could: the 64-36 Democratic majority in the Senate usually makes that body amenable. With that in mind, the President permitted his Senate leaders to attach a modified form of the King-Anderson medicare bill as an amendment to an unrelated welfare bill. This had the advantage of bypassing the Senate Finance Committee, headed by Medicare Foe Harry Byrd.

The Senate chamber, jammed as the Senate tensed for the vote, hushed for the showdown roll call, which came on a motion by Oklahoma's Democrat Robert Kerr to table the medicare amendment worked out by the Administration and five liberal Republicans. All 100 Senators were present—a rarity. Despite meticulous headcounting, the outcome hinged on a few unpredictable votes. The count began with Vermont Republican George Aiken's crisp anti-Administration "aye"; it had seasawed to a 13-13 tie by the time the

clerk reached Douglas of Illinois. Two-thirds of the way down the list the Administration led, 37 to 31, but still ahead was the "murderers' row" of conservatives at the end of the alphabet.

Then West Virginia Democrat Jennings Randolph, an oldtime New Deal liberal who rarely bucks a Democratic President, cast a resonant and decisive "aye." With that the Administration knew it had almost certainly lost, and Arizona Democrat Carl Hayden, who had reluctantly promised to support the Administration only if his vote was needed to produce a saving tie, also voted against medicare. The final vote was 52 to 48—with 21 Democrats joining 31 Republicans (all except Case, Cooper, Javits, Keating and Kuchel) to defy the President.

**"Serious Defeat."** The President was angry, and he reverted to a black-and-white view. About an hour after the vote he made an unusual appearance before the TV cameras in the White House "fish room" to declare "This is a most serious defeat for every American family, for the 17 million Americans who are over 65 [for] all those Americans who have parents, who are liable to be ill, and who have children to educate at the same time." Speaking over reporters' heads to the nation, he said that "nearly all the Republicans and a handful of Democrats joined with them to give us today's setback. I hope that we will return in Novem-



THE BIG LAUNCHING



"THROW HIM SOME MORE FLOWERS, HONEY—LET'S SEE HOW LONG HE'LL KEEP PLAYING"

## OKLAHOMA'S KERR Man of Confidence

A year ago, the beefy senior Senator from Oklahoma told John Kennedy that he would fight the President all the way on the Administration's medicare bill. Last week, good as his word, Democrat Robert Samuel Kerr, 65, paid off on his promise. No man to tangle with, Kerr buttonholed just enough of his Democratic colleagues, and with a forceful eloquence turned them in his direction. Kerr, co-author of the Kerr-Mills medicare bill, was out-and-out against any other legislation that would undercut his own, and furthermore, was dead set against any new bill that was hinged to social security.

**Oil & Bread.** Kerr's tremendous influence in the Senate is the sum of many factors, not the least of which is his utter self-confidence. This in turn is nourished by the fact that he is the wealthiest man in the Senate. An oilman (Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc.), he has a personal fortune of more than \$35 million and owns or controls, through Kerr-McGee, about 25% of all known uranium reserves in the U.S.

When he was first elected to the Senate in 1948, he was a strong Truman supporter, and during the Eisenhower Administration just as strongly against Ike. But basically, his politics are neither right nor left but as bouncy as a pingpong ball. His heart ping mightily when it comes to preserving the 27½% oil depletion allowance, so dear to the pocketbooks of oilmen, and it poned in support of the President's campaign to retain foreign aid to Poland and Yugoslavia. But he has crossed Jack Kennedy often in recent months, and in fact, has voted pro-Kennedy only 59% of the time. Still, some people regard him as an easy-money, easy-credit Democrat.

Proud of the fact that he was born in a log cabin in the Indian Territory, Kerr likes to recall that he set a big goal early in life: he wanted a family, a million dollars and the governorship—in that order. He succeeded—in that order. He was an attorney in 1926 when he hooked up with a drilling firm, soon afterward was devoting himself to some high-style and successful oil exploration. His move into politics was equally successful, and so was his one term (in 1942) as Governor of Oklahoma.

**Mares & Medicare.** Moving his rig into the Senate, Kerr quickly struck a gusher as a man who could talk at any length on any subject. He also had, briefly, even higher ambitions. In 1952 Kerr started a drive for the Democratic Presidential nomination, lasted through one roll call at the convention,



WALTER BENDIS

"It would appear," he said later, "that the people did not realize what a superior product was being offered them." Mainly, he is noted in the Senate for his pungent rhetoric. For years he has sparred with Illinois' doughty Democrat Paul Douglas. In 1958, as Protectionist Kerr was reading into the *Congressional Record* a list of industries whose tariffs he felt were detrimental to Oklahoma's welfare, Douglas rose to ask whether the Pregnant Mares' Urine Association was on the list. Replied Kerr: "No, but I know that the Senator from Illinois, being an authority on it, would be glad to inform the Senate about it—not that I think the Senator from Illinois would be an exhibit."

Once, in a debate on finance, Kerr claimed that "no man can help Eisenhower study the fiscal policies of this Government, because one cannot do that without brains and he does not have them." When Indiana's Republican Homer Capehart protested this partisan rhetoric, Kerr affably amended his comment to read that Ike had "no fiscal brains." I do not say that the President has no brains at all. I reserve that broad and sweeping accusation for some of my cherished colleagues.

**Church & Cattle.** Notwithstanding his sharp tongue, Kerr puts out a lot of warmth. He is a devoted family man (four children, eleven grandchildren), teaches Sunday school at Washington's First Baptist Church, donates 30% of his income to his church, neither smokes nor drinks. His warmth, when he wants to turn it on, is so much a part of his impressive capacity for persuasion that President Kennedy is not about to hold Kerr's role in the defeat of medicare against him. The President, in fact, is looking to Kerr to help prepare the way for passage of the Administration's tax bill and foreign trade legislation. Bob Kerr may just do that, for at bottom he admires Kennedy. Last November, when the President visited Kerr's ranch, the Oklahoman bellowed to one of the hired hands: "Bring these cattle through the runway and let them see the greatest President in the world!"

ber a Congress that will support a program like medical care for the aged."

What stung Kennedy most was not the near unanimity of Republican opposition but what he called the "handful" of Democrats (Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen slyly christened them "living profiles in courage") who had made defeat possible—actually a third of the Senate's Democrats. They included such prominent Democrats as Foreign Relations Chairman William Fulbright, Ace Investigator John McClellan, moderate Liberal Mike Monroney, former Vice Presidential Candidate John Sparkman, and Armed Services Chairman Richard Russell, as well as Hayden, Randolph and Kerr.

It was Old Friend George Smathers who drew most of the anger of White House aides for his anti-medicare vote, since he was an usher at Kennedy's wedding, is Democratic conference secretary, yet repeatedly voted against Kennedy on key issues ("He hasn't stood up for Jack since the wedding," goes a White House wisecrack). Heavy pressure had been exerted to capture Senator Randolph's decisive vote, including a telephone call from Kennedy himself. It all failed—and apparently because Randolph was indebted to Kerr for amending a welfare bill so that hard-pressed West Virginia could receive \$11 million in aid to dependent children. Thus it was really Democrat Kerr, who also carried Oklahoma Colleague Monroney along with him, who really beat Kennedy.

**No Purge.** Behind all the personal reasons for opposition to medicare lay the real source of much of Kennedy's trouble with Congress. Many Senators simply did not like the hasty and ill-considered compromise bill—and did not like being lumped as enemies of the aged because they wanted to vote against it. Others resented the strong White House pressure. The committee chairman were dead set against the Administration's determination to bypass the finance committee—on the theory that the same thing might later happen to them. More significantly, the Senators resented being used in a hopeless cause to give the President a political issue. The Senators also recognized something else that Kennedy did not: medicare is not so overwhelmingly popular an issue as the President seems to believe. Letters ran heavily against medicare after Kennedy's appearance in Madison Square Garden, and a Gallup poll showed that its popular support had dropped from 55% last March to 48% in June.

Kennedy is nonetheless determined to make medicare important in the November elections, hoping that enough of the blame for its defeat will rub off on the Republicans. He is already scheduled to campaign in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Connecticut, New York and Ohio. But wherever he goes, and whatever he says about medicare, John Kennedy will be hard-pressed to explain why the voters should punish his Republican opponents and continue to support the 21 stalwart Democrats of the Senate who ganged up on him last week.





## DEFENSE

### The Flyswatters

In a Kremlin conference room, Nikita Khrushchev casually tossed off a comment that startled a delegation of 14 visiting U.S. editors. The Soviet Union, he said, had developed an anti-missile missile so unerringly accurate that it can "hit a fly in outer space." There were a few scare headlines in the U.S., but intelligence sources voiced strong doubt that Khrushchev's flyswatter really existed. Last week the U.S. answered his boast with a well-timed rejoinder. On Kwajalein atoll in the mid-Pacific, a winged Nike-Zeus missile lurched skyward atop a shaft of flame, soared more than 100,000 feet, and—for the first time—intercepted an intercontinental ballistic missile that had been launched some 20 minutes earlier at 16,000 m.p.h. from California 4,700 miles away.

When the news of the successful shot reached Washington, Congressmen debating the farm bill in the House burst into applause. California Democrat George P. Miller exultantly called it "one of the greatest breakthroughs in recent defense development." The Army brass who oversee the Nike-Zeus program were jubilant. But just as the Pentagon had taken Khrushchev's boast calmly, so too it restrained its own reaction to the Nike-Zeus success. As far as the Defense Department was concerned, it was merely "part of a continuing development series"—and Secretary Robert S. McNamara had his doubts that it would ever effectively protect the U.S.

**Serious Weaknesses.** McNamara observed before the Kwajalein test that it would be conducted under "controlled conditions that differ substantially from actual combat." In last week's test the onrushing Atlas ICBM actually carried a transmitter to clue the slender, 48-ft. Nike-Zeus bird in on its target.\* In an actual attack, an ICBM might spew out

"decoys" designed to baffle the tracking radar—as was not the case last week—or an ionospheric nuclear blast might knock out the radar altogether. "As advanced as the Nike-Zeus system is—and we believe it to be quite advanced—it has serious weaknesses," said McNamara last winter. "There is widespread doubt as to whether it should ever be deployed."

The fact is that nobody has an effective anti-missile missile yet, and some U.S. officials doubt that anyone ever will. But the tests go on in hope of a breakthrough and the U.S. has spent \$1.2 billion on Nike-Zeus since 1956. At Kwajalein, a 600-acre coral speck in the Marshalls, the Army three years ago began building a complete, \$75 million installation, a cubist's delight of domes and circles, triangles and squares. Inside the geometric shapes are housed four separate radar networks, the guts of the Nike-Zeus system: one detects ICBMs from 1,000 miles out; another, the "discrimination" radar, distinguishes genuine warheads from decoys and

stray space debris; target-tracking radar follows the ICBMs on their re-entry; and missile-tracking radar guides the Nike-Zeus to its target. Computers—one capable of 200,000 calculations per second—handle information so swiftly that the whole process lasts two or three minutes from detection to interception.

For the Nike-Zeus rocket, "interception" does not necessarily mean "a hit." Scientists calculate that with a one-kilometer warhead the rocket could either neutralize or destroy a multimegaton monster from a distance of a mile or more. The theory has yet to be tested, but it has silenced critics who originally scorned the plan as a foolhardy attempt to "hit a bullet with a bullet." Says an official of Douglas Aircraft, one of the major contractors for the program: "It's like hitting a bullet with a couple of football stadiums."

**No Defense.** The Army proposed locating 120 Nike-Zeus batteries around major U.S. targets, each with 30 missiles and with radar capable of tracking three warheads at once. But the cost would have been a stratospheric \$10 billion to \$14 billion—and McNamara decided that it was not worth it. What would happen he asked, in a saturation attack? The Army conceded that many missiles would get through, but argued that the expense was justified even if only a few were stopped. Unconvinced, McNamara last March ruled out production of the Nike-Zeus system until its problems were solved—and he clearly doubted that they ever would be.

Seeking alternatives, he turned to "Project Defender," a \$200 million-a-year operation under Defense's Advanced Research Projects Agency, now has 200 civilian contractors at work exploring other anti-missile possibilities. Among them: spraying the path of a missile with pellets to damage the warhead, or putting into orbit anti-missile stations that would detect and kill ICBMs as they leave their launching pads.

For the time being, the shots at Kwajalein will continue, eventually with decoys and radar-jamming techniques to test Nike-Zeus's versatility. "We know of no better solution to the problem," said McNamara, but he clearly was unsatisfied with the current state of U.S. anti-missile defenses. "At the present time," said McNamara when he put the brakes to the



A NIKE-ZEUS LAUNCHING  
A well-timed rejoinder.

\* Radio signals of another sort were responsible last week for postponing the scheduled launching of an Atlas-Agena B rocket on the start of a 4½-month, 224 million-mile journey to Venus, the earth's sister planet. Mariner I was all set for the shot when an unidentified radio signal detected in the booster rocket made technicians at Cape Canaveral fear a malfunction. Later, they rescheduled the flight, which is aimed at discovering the first accurate data about Venus and its mysterious atmosphere.

program last March, "it appears to us that no amount of money can make possible an absolute defense of this country against the ICBM." Despite last week's success, he has not changed his mind.

## Command Shake-Up

NATO's General Lauris Norstad has been tabbed as a boy wonder for so long that many people still think of him as a young man—an impression reinforced by his youthful appearance. He made brigadier general in North Africa in 1943, when he was 36—and looked 26. A year later, he was in Washington as chief of staff of the Twentieth Air Force, helping direct the B-29 bombardment of Japan. After the war he played a major role in helping to set up an independent Air Force. He became U.S.A.F. European commander in 1950, and has been over

pointment does not necessarily betoken a change in U.S. thinking about NATO.

President Kennedy had another reason for shipping Lemnitzer off to Europe. After last year's fiasco at the Bay of Pigs, the President hankered to get Lemnitzer out as head of the Joint Chiefs. Says one ranking Pentagon official: "The President just doesn't find Lemnitzer responsive to his needs." Norstad's resignation gave the President his long-awaited chance to install as the top U.S. man in uniform a tough soldier and incisive military thinker: Maxwell Davenport Taylor, 60, whom Kennedy brought out of retirement after the Cuban disaster to become his personal military adviser.

Taylor, who led the crack 101st Airborne Division in the Normandy invasion, retired as Army Chief of Staff in 1959, disgusted with the Eisenhower Adminis-

trator of the Joint Staff in the Pentagon. Wheeler caught the eye of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara as a quick-thinking, imaginative planner. Generals senior to Wheeler were grumbling last week at the selection, but both Kennedy and McNamara knew the man they wanted. Once Taylor and Wheeler take over their new posts, the Joint Chiefs of Staff will be Kennedy appointees to a man—except for Marine Commandant David Shoup, the only member Kennedy inherited who is to his liking.

## SPACE

### Inside the Sky

Long before the first astronaut soared into orbit, test pilots had been tantalized by the dark vaulting dome of purple sky where space begins about 50 miles above the earth. As planes flew higher and higher, it often seemed just out of reach—an unknown vastness that dared venture some flyers to penetrate it. Last week the nation's newest spaceman took the dare. Air Force Major Robert White piloted a black needle-nosed X-15 rocket plane to an altitude of 50.6 miles—the highest man has ever flown in a winged aircraft, and a respectable second to the hundred-mile-high orbits of U.S. and Soviet astronauts. "For the first time," said Test Pilot White, 38, "it seemed as though I was up in this dark blue sky, instead of looking up at it." Like the astronauts before him, he was overwhelmed by the "fantastic view."

White's record-breaking flight over California's Mojave Desert (highest previous flight: 47 miles) made him the fifth man to receive NASA's pilot-astronaut badge, awarded to those "qualified to operate or control a powered vehicle in flight 50 miles above the earth." But White is the only man to have won the badge in an airplane rather than a Mercury-capsule, and he took full advantage of the X-15's greater flexibility. Though the X-15 was programmed for 80 seconds of powered flight after it broke loose from the B-57 that carried it to 45,000 ft., White held the throttle open one additional second. This brief extra burst added 284 m.p.h. to his speed—which reached 3,784 m.p.h.,—and six miles to his maximum altitude, disrupting the carefully planned flight pattern. But since he was flying an airplane rather than a capsule, the remedy was simple. White simply maneuvered the X-15 back on course, and made a perfect touchdown practically atop the magenta-smeared landing marker on California's Rogers Dry Lake. He emerged from the plane to greet his seven-year-old son trailing his air-conditioning tube behind him like an umbilical cord.

**Closest Call.** The U.S.'s hottest airplane (top speed to date: 4,159 m.p.h.) has given handsome, soft-spoken Bob White fewer problems than the P-51; he flew in World War II. Early in 1945, when only 20, White led a squadron of the Eighth Air Force's 353rd Fighter Group in a treetop-level attack on a Luftwaffe airstrip. Suddenly, the Bavarian



LEMNITZER

NORSTAD

TAYLOR

Now most of the chiefs are where the Chief wants them.

there ever since. From the time he was named Commander in Chief of U.S. Forces in Europe and SACEUR (Supreme Allied Commander, Europe) in 1956, his name has been synonymous with the Atlantic military alliance.

But if anything, Norstad, now 55, has been too successful in his post. His deep concern for European defense has made Airman Norstad a strong advocate of a Europe-based NATO nuclear striking force, which is unacceptable to the Kennedy Administration. In 1960 he had a mild heart attack; by last January he talked seriously of resigning. A few months later, he suffered an unpublished second heart attack. Last week the White House announced Norstad's resignation—and with it came a major shake-up in the top command of U.S. armed forces.

**Fitting Choice.** Norstad's successor as Commander in Chief of U.S. Forces in Europe will be the Army's General Lyman (Lem) Lemnitzer, 62, since 1950 chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was a fitting choice: Lemnitzer was one of the drafters of the NATO treaty, later helped parcel out arms to U.S. Allies as first director of the Office of Military Assistance in 1949. Though France's crusty President Charles de Gaulle growled "*Je ne le connais pas*" when he heard of Lemnitzer's selection, there is little doubt that the NATO member nations will approve him as the new SACEUR. But Lemnitzer's ap-

pointment's reliance on massive nuclear retaliation at the expense of conventional military forces. Early in 1960 he published *The Uncertain Trumpet*—a slashing attack that Kennedy used to advantage in the campaign. Taylor set forth the doctrine of "flexible response," which has become the backbone of defense policy in the Kennedy Administration. His appointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs breaks tradition, for the job has always been rotated among the three services. But it will clear the Pentagon air of dark suspicions that Taylor has been undermining the Joint Chiefs' role as the source of military advice for the White House. Despite Kennedy's high opinion of him, some U.S. and European experts think Taylor's emphasis on conventional warfare is misguided.

**Basketful of Fog.** In last week's announcements came another shuffle: President Kennedy picked General Earle G. ("Buzz") Wheeler, 54, to take over as Army Chief of Staff from General George H. Decker. Lemnitzer's personal choice, who will retire when his term expires this fall, Decker is no sharp New Frontier-style soldier; one Pentagon hand finds him "as colorful as a basketful of fog." Wheeler, now Norstad's deputy in Paris, was an obscure major general in 1950 before the Pentagon assigned him to brief Kennedy on military intelligence matters during the campaign. Later, as di-

landscape came alive with orange and black anti-aircraft fire. A shell ripped White's engine to bits, spewing globs of oil on the windscreen. Recalls White: "We were on the deck. When the flak caught me, I jettisoned the canopy and jumped. I felt the parachute shock an instant before my feet hit the trees—we were that low. That was my closest call, ever."

White spent 2½ months in Nazi prison camps. After the war, he came back home and entered New York University as a freshman. He no sooner had his degree (electrical engineering) than the Korean war broke out. He had kept up his flying in the Air Force Reserve, and in 1951 was recalled to active duty. Though White saw no combat in Korea, he decided to stay in the Air Force. His cool, precise flying won him two years of experimental-test-pilot training. Since 1955, White has checked out four hot jet fighters: the F-86K, F-86H, F-102 and F-105B. The 105 nearly did him in. He was booming along at 1,000 m.p.h. when a piece of the intake duct broke off and shot through the entire engine. "If it had torn up the compressor," he says now, "the whole plane would have blown up."

**Most Serious.** White drew the sought-after X-15 assignment in 1958. When Captain Iven Kincheloe died in an F-104 crash six months later, White moved up to top Air Force pilot on the X-15—which has been a flying test bed for developing systems used in Project Mercury. From 1958 until 1960 he trained intensively, often flew jets on "chase" missions when other pilots were testing the X-15. Finally, in April 1960, he took the X-15 up for the first time. Within five months he had flown it to its first world altitude record (25.8 miles); since then he has piloted the X-15 to half a dozen new speed and altitude marks.

Less flamboyant than Fellow Test Pilot

Joe Walker (*TIME*, May 11), White is the most serious flyer in the X-15 group. He and his pretty wife Doris live with their three children (one son, two daughters) in a three-bedroom house at Edwards Air Force Base, four miles from the green cement-block flight-operations center where White flies a desk when he is not jockeying X-15s and jets. They entertain only infrequently, take off for the Los Angeles beaches every chance they get.

**New Mystery.** After the sky-stabbing record flight last week, four X-15 pilots—White, Walker, North American's Scott Crossfield and Navy Commander Forrest Petersen—journeyed to Washington, where President Kennedy gave them the Robert J. Collier Trophy, presented annually since 1911 for outstanding achievement in flight. But for White and his fellow X-15 pilots, the greatest reward for their work is the satisfaction of probing the mysteries inside the sky. In last week's flight Bob White found a new mystery for scientists to puzzle over: through the X-15's thick left quartz window, he saw a strange sight. "There *are* things out there," he said dramatically over his voice radio. "There absolutely is." As White later described one "thing": "It looked like a piece of paper the size of my hand tumbling slowly outside the plane. It was greyish in color, and about 10 to 40 feet away. I haven't any idea what it could be."

## THE ECONOMY

### Process of Education

With President Kennedy already set on a tax cut this year if he can get it, the Administration last week moved to clear some obstacles out of the way—or at least to chart them carefully for future reference. While deliberately downplaying any idea that the U.S. might be on the brink

of another recession—a task that becomes increasingly difficult as more disappointing economic indicators come out—it began the process of "educating" the Congress and the people to the need for a tax cut. The first lesson: public hearings on whether a cut is advisable now.

The Administration persuaded Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and a reluctant tax cutter at best, to hold the hearings, which are planned to start this week. Since Kennedy has not yet come out publicly for a tax cut—and may not until August, after he has seen the economic figures for July—no Government officials will appear at the hearings. Instead, the hearings will call economic specialists from the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the Brookings Institution, plus businessmen who have to meet payrolls and are presumably more aware of a tax cut's potential effect than Government economists. One invited witness: Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr.

**Risky Tactic.** To find out how Congress now feels about a reduction, advocates were busy quizzing Democratic members on their attitude toward a quick \$5 billion to \$7 billion cut that would include both individual and corporate income taxes. Their findings: somewhat more than half of the Senate's 64 Democrats favor such a cut, but only under a variety of ill-defined conditions. As well as educating the public, the Mills hearings are intended to overcome such congressional indecision.

The soundings also revealed a tendency among some powerful congressional Democrats to oppose a tax cut unless it is accompanied by a reduction in the Government's budget deficit—a deficit that final figures released last week showed to be \$6.1 billion for fiscal 1962. That was \$700 million less than Administration experts



MAJOR WHITE WITH SON AFTER THE FLIGHT

"There are things out there."



WHITE WITH WIFE



WAYS & MEANS' MILLS  
Hearings for him.

had predicted, but it was still the biggest deficit in peacetime, except for the \$12.4 billion Eisenhower deficit of 1950. The problem in meeting the demands of such deficit-hating legislators is that immediate cutbacks in federal spending might defeat the very purpose of a tax cut: to prime the economy, whether by spurring business investment and profits or by putting more money into the consumer's pockets—or both. Strangely, in no Administration noted for its talkativeness, no one has yet whispered anything about what kind of a tax cut the Administration would like, and how much it would amount to.

Nonetheless, the Administration's congressional experts have tentatively determined at least their general strategy in the Congress. With fingers crossed, they hope that Wilbur Mills' own hearings will convince him that a cut is needed. If so, they would introduce a separate tax measure in the House, try to get his committee's approval and passage on the floor. Fully aware that such Senate Finance Committee powers as Harry Byrd and Bob Kerr are flatly against a cut, they would then try again the risky tactic that exploded on medicare and urban affairs legislation: bypass the Finance Committee and send the tax plan directly to the Senate floor.

**Full of Hazards.** Such a legislative course is full of hazards, but they are hardly greater than the hazards of letting tax-cut talk go on too long without a public decision by the Administration. Continued talk about tax cuts without any action simply creates more uncertainty about the state of the economy. If Kennedy hopes to quiet that uncertainty, he must soon call an end to the discussion and announce either that he wants a tax cut and will try for it, or that the economy is healthy enough so that it does not need one.

## THE ADMINISTRATION A Matter of Pride

Emerging from a visit to the White House last week, dapper Anthony J. Celebrezze, 51, smiled noncommittally when newsmen asked whether he and President Kennedy saw eye to eye on the controversial issue of federal aid to parochial schools. "I'm not sure he knows my position," said the newly appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. For that matter, neither did anyone else, including the Senate, which confirmed Celebrezze's nomination at week's end without even asking him about it. But it hardly made any difference, for Celebrezze's views were among the least of Kennedy's concerns when he chose the five-term mayor of Cleveland to replace Abraham Ribicoff.

**No Hard Feelings.** In Celebrezze, Kennedy got not only a good administrator, a well-honed politician and an outgoing personality, but a man who could help him tie up some political loose ends. Chief among them was the restive Italian-American bloc, whose 4,543,935 members make it the biggest foreign-born minority group in the U.S.\*

By putting Italian-born Anthony Celebrezze in the Cabinet, said Massachusetts Republican Silvio Conte, one of a dozen Italian-Americans in the House, Kennedy "has solidified his position with the Italian-Americans. If they had any feelings against him for anything he's done, this will overcome it." Added Rhode Island Democrat John O. Pastore, the only Italian-American ever to serve in the Senate: "It is a matter of pride and prestige."

To Kennedy, it is also a matter of votes. In no fewer than 125 congressional districts, Italian-Americans account for 3% of the vote. Heavy urban concentrations in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio and California will figure in important statewide races this fall. And, as it happens, Kennedy's choice could give Brother Teddy a boost in his bid for the Senate. There are 311,053 Italian-Americans in Massachusetts (in a total population of 5,148,178), and there are roughly as many in Boston as there are Irish. Of late, more and more of them have been straying into the Republican camp (the state's G.O.P. Governor, John A. Volpe, is an Italian-American). Celebrezze's appointment might make them look more kindly on Kennedy's party, and perhaps on his brother's candidacy.

**No Yes Man.** Kennedy even plowed some ground for 1964 in Ohio, where Richard Nixon buried him by 271,000 votes in 1960. Governor Mike Di Salle, another Italian-American, could not deliver Ohio, now is in trouble in his own bid for re-election. Celebrezze can help Kennedy in Ohio whether Di Salle wins

\* The Census Bureau counts as foreign-born not only those born abroad but also their children. Other 1960 counts: Germans, 4,310,664; Canadians, 3,181,051; Poles, 2,780,926; Irish, 1,773,312.

or loses. He is highly popular in Cuyahoga County, where he won a record 73.8% of Cleveland's vote in his fifth bid for the mayoralty last year.

As an incidental dividend, Celebrezze is a practicing Catholic who sent his three children to parochial schools and enjoys close ties with the Cleveland hierarchy. This fact could help gloss over the hard feelings that have grown up between Kennedy and Catholic churchmen as a result of the battle over aid to parochial schools. On that issue, Celebrezze hinted that he might differ with the President. "There's a possibility that there might be a contradiction," he said, but the possibility did not upset him. "Knowing Mr. Kennedy, I don't think he would want to be surrounded with yes men. I will give my views, but when the President sets the policy, that will be the policy."

## Unipill for the G.O.P.

Through months of tension heightened by the Billie Sol Estes scandal and the defeat of his farm bill, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman has managed to keep surprisingly cool and collected. Last week he exploded with a loud political bang—and sent his shrapnel spraying over the Republican Party.

It happened at Freeman's first press conference in ten weeks and came with surprising suddenness and violence. After answering several routine questions, Freeman bridled at "Mr. Secretary, do you think you and the department have now weathered this Estes storm?" Answered Freeman testily: "I suppose what you mean is that the Secretary is going to be driven out of office. I have no intention of resigning and no reason to think that the President is going to ask me to."

That was only the beginning. After months of frustration, something inside Freeman said "to hell with it." Flailing



AGRICULTURE'S FREEMAN  
Bitter pills for breakfast.



his hands and pouring out a torrent of angry words, he pushed on: "We know that the Republican Administration left agriculture in a first-class mess. The biggest mess they left in Washington was agriculture. And it's even more their responsibility that they're being completely negative and trying to frustrate every effort to clear up that mess." The G.O.P. position now, he said, was "Let's leave it in a mess because it's going to make a real good political issue." They're playing the narrowest, most partisan, bitter kind of politics with agriculture."

When a reporter tried to get in a question, Freeman cut him off imperiously. "Wait a minute, let me finish. I'm making my speech; then you can make yours." He charged the Republicans with "inconsistency" and "total irresponsibility," scalded them for criticizing him as a "czar" who sought "regimentation and centralization. Well, the same people turned around on two different days and voted for a sugar bill and not for a farm bill. And the biggest piece of centralized regimentation in American agriculture is the sugar bill." Furthermore, cried Freeman, "they voted against a farm program that would save a billion dollars a year, and then they run up crying about fiscal responsibility."

Finally Orville wound down, and color began returning to his cheeks. A reporter tried to break the tension. "Is this," he asked lightly, "the result of a vitamin shot this morning?" Said Freeman: "I did have a—what do you call them, a unipill? or univac?—vitamin pill at breakfast. Maybe that's it." Maybe it was, but it seemed more likely that it was just the bitter pill of being the current custodian of the scandalous U.S. farm mess.

## ARKANSAS

### Toothless Tiger

It was only 10 a.m., but the square in Perryville, Ark. (pop. 719), was already sizzling in no<sup>2</sup> heat. Clustered beneath shady oaks on the lawn of the county courthouse were 50 or so ginghamed and galled townspeople. There were overalled men with weathered impassive faces; women with hair combed back severely into tight round buns; country-pretty girls in the early 20s, and children scooting mindlessly through the throng. Silently and intently, they listened as Orval Eugene Faubus, Governor of the sovereign state of Arkansas, told why they should keep him in the air-conditioned splendor of the Governor's mansion down in Little Rock for an unprecedented fifth term.

Faubus' voice, magnified by a sound truck, filled the tiny square, ripped through the still, oppressive heat and beloned out over the whole town. Pausing only to drink from a red paper cup or wipe his sweating face with a handkerchief, Faubus appealed to his listeners as "my kind of folk." "I've been an ordinary working person all my life," he said. "I'm a hillbilly. I never was out of the shadow of the green Ozark Mountains until I was

well past a man." He recounted the gifts of progress that he had brought to their state—and was even human enough to admit error: "We're all imperfect children of God, and none of us will be perfect until we cross that river toward which we all journey and are made whole on the other side." The women pursed their lips and glanced at each other with approving nods. Orval was their kind of folk too.

**Decidedly Different.** It all seemed pretty familiar—the homey pitch, the church-folk tone, the appeal to kinship. But as

and against integration as well. Caught between the two, Faubus shrewdly decided to chuck segregation as a dead issue, concentrate instead on talking about new industry, educational advances, increased welfare benefits and wages—all topics that now appeal more than segregation in a state that is anxious to improve its long-shoddy image in the nation's eyes.

**Not a Coptive.** By sensing the shift in the political winds and following it, Faubus has brought down the wrath of his old segregationist allies. "The people are



FAUBUS JOKING WITH CONSTITUENTS  
On the journey to the other side, a discarded banner.

Orval Faubus canvassed Arkansas last week, something was decidedly different. Gone was the fiery segregationist fervor that only five years ago spread his name through the world as the villain of Little Rock. Gone were his sarcastic references to "outsiders," to federal troops, to the Supreme Court, to the monstrous, power-grabbing U.S. Government. No longer did he hold up segregation literature and talk about the evils of integration; he scarcely mentioned integration at all. In fact, hard as it was to believe, Orval Faubus was under heavy fire from segregationists who felt that he had deserted their cause.

Faubus is running in the primaries against five other Democrats, and the two who are giving him trouble are both old Faubus allies. One is moderate Sid McMath, Governor from 1949 to 1953, who broke with Faubus over the Little Rock episode; the other is Congressman Dale Alford, a strong segregationist who had filed for his candidacy under the impression that Faubus would not run (Faubus' ulcer was kicking up) and is now campaigning against Faubus' long incumbency

beginning to realize that Governor Faubus simply used the integration question," says Mrs. Pat House, president of Little Rock's Women's Emergency Committee for public schools, "and now that it's no longer politically useful, he's not going to carry their banner." Says former Citizens Council President Dr. Malcolm Taylor: "He turned his back on greatness. No longer will we thrill to the tirades of a toothless tiger. We must look elsewhere for leadership."

If Faubus' talking about mundane issues is a startling sign, it is only because he believes that he needs a new image. By insisting that he was never an extremist on either side ("I am not a captive of any extremists of any viewpoint"), he is countering the welter of criticism with considerable success. He stands an excellent chance of winning a majority in next week's primary or, if not then, in a runoff election that would probably follow. Old Tiger Faubus may have lost his teeth, but in Arkansas there seems to be no lion in the streets strong enough to threaten him seriously.

# THE WORLD

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Brains at the Top

Harold Macmillan, who is more frequently likened to an Edwardian squire, last week was compared instead to Stalin, Robespierre and the *Mikado's* Lord High Executioner. Britain's Prime Minister earned such comments by pushing ahead with a pitiless purge in which he axed 16 ministers in four days. Though shocked by the mass firings of Macmillan's trusted lieutenants, Britons gleefully echoed Liberal M.P. Jeremy Thorpe's gibe: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his friends for his life."

What Macmillan did not expect was a near mutinous—but short-lived—Conservative reaction. After the final round of firings, icy silence from the Conservative benches greeted Macmillan as he entered the House of Commons. By contrast, sacked Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd drew tumultuous applause from his party when he meekly took a new, third-row seat. The unkindest cut came from Tory Gilbert London, who dryly "congratulated" the Prime Minister on heeding Kipling's counsel:

*If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you...*

**Pink Toryism.** As the shock wore off, Britons began to see the method in Mac's massacre. Weeks ago, Harold Macmillan had concluded from the Tories' disquieting series of election reverses that Britain did not want a change of party so much as a change within the party. Colwebed Conservative policies and lackluster leaders have succeeded in alienating a large segment of the young, middle-class voters who swept the party into office eleven years ago in response to the forward-looking policies that were dubbed "pink Toryism." To woo them back, Macmillan plucked from his front and back benches a clutch of European-minded, relatively young M.P.s (the Cabinet's average age was lowered from 55-plus to 51) who are



"BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHOM YOU PUT UPON THE LIST.  
FOR THEY'D NONE OF 'EM BE MISSED—THEY'D NONE OF 'EM BE MISSED!"

among the brightest and ablest politicians in Britain.

As Britons studied the new faces that sprouted in place of Mac's axed heads, even critics had to admit the addition of considerable brainpower. Reginald Maudling made an impressive new Chancellor of the Exchequer (see box). Education Minister Sir Edward Boyle, 38, is a courageous, cultivated "Suez rebel" who has served with distinction in lower-echelon government posts, including the Ministry of Education, and recognizes Britain's urgent need for expanded technical education.

In charge of coping with a politically explosive housing shortage (TIM, Dec. 1), Sir Keith ("Smoky Joe") Joseph, 44, who worked his way up in the family's building business from hod carrier to director, is a fellow of All Souls, Oxford (and married to an American, Hellen Guggenheimer). Macmillan emphasized the government's aim to expand Britain's health services by bringing into his Cab-

inet Health Minister Enoch Powell, 40, a blunt, brilliant scholar and poet who was a full professor of Greek at 24, a wartime brigadier at 32.

**United Ranks.** Macmillan reinforced his key appointments by naming eleven lively, like-minded younger Tories to second-level posts. Among them: Geoffrey Rippon, 38, an expert on European local government and Britain's housing problems, who was named to the new post of Minister of Public Building and Works; Edward du Cann, also 38, who organized a spectacularly successful investment fund in his early 30s, and now becomes economic secretary to the Treasury; Nigel Fisher, 40, one of the few Tories to denounce the government's bill restricting Commonwealth immigration, who becomes parliamentary under secretary to the Colonial Office. The appointments "have made it clear," concluded the *Daily Telegraph*, "that there is room for brains at the top."

Their ranks united by Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell's foredoomed attempt to win a "no-confidence" vote against the government this week, many Tory M.P.s at week's end conceded that Macmillan's new brains trust may pay off by the time he calls a general election probably in 1964. Party Chairman Iain Macleod started his campaign machine rolling with a 1,000-word letter to constituencies, warning that the party has no room for workers without "the zest that must be an essential part of our appeal." And in a closed meeting with Tory backbenchers, the Prime Minister zestfully echoed another knife-wielding Mac known for his ruthless ambition, Defending the suddenness of his massacre, Macmillan said with *Macbeth*: "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."



POWELL



MAUDLING



JOSEPH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

## Divorce Is U

The fact that Britons, unlike Americans, are created unequal is a source of fascination to British Journalist Ron Hall, 27, a Cambridge-educated bricklayer's son with an encyclopedic knowledge of what is U, non-U, and parven-U. Two years ago, he formulated Hall's Law, which states that "the higher a person's social position, the more names he's likely to have (e.g., Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunketty-Earle-Earle-Drax)." Delving further into the small print of

*Debrett's Peerage*, Hall emerged with another proposition, published last week with a statistical breakdown in *Town* magazine. Hall's Second Law: "Proneness to divorce increases in direct ratio to position in the social scale."

The divorce court, says Hall, "is the only seat of British justice where invariably the parties to a case are better shod than the witnesses." Though the House of Lords periodically deplores Britain's divorce rate (about one divorce in 17 marriages), more than 20% of its own members have wound up in Splitville.

Leaving out those noblemen born after 1925 as being "too young to have realized their full divorce potential," Hall discovered that 30% of the dukes have had their marriages dissolved, 26% of the marquesses, and 22% of the earls. "In other words," says Hall, "the higher the degree, the more the decrees."

Wealth and generations of superiority, says Hall, have made the nobility inde-

Not so in the U.S., where lower-class families have higher divorce rates than the rich and highborn.

## MAUDLING: An Undeserved Reputation for Indolence

BRITAIN'S new Chancellor of the Exchequer has a voracious appetite for good food—and tackles complex economic issues with the same gusto. Youngest of six post-war Tory Chancellors (he is 45), breezy, beefy Reginald Maudling is a warm, relaxed middle-of-the-roader with a fast, fluent tongue and a nimble mind. He likes to recall the advice of his tutor at Oxford: "Philosophy progresses not by finding the answers but by progressively clarifying the questions." Reggie Maudling's talent for clarifying policy questions—and finding answers—has earned him recognition as one of the most vigorous intellects in British public life today, and a likely Prime Minister in the future.

**Incentives to Expand.** Next to the Prime Minister himself, the Chancellor of the Exchequer trends the highest wire in British government. In a nation that survives by importing raw materials, turning them into manufactured goods and exporting them again, living standards can only be realistically improved by boosting productivity, which in Britain has grown at less than half the rate of its European trade rivals. An easy-money boom ("You never had it so good") led to dangerous inflation that threatened to price British goods out of world markets. Chancellor Selwyn Lloyd has had to clamp drastic restraints on wages (the "pay pause") and credit, thereby deeply alienating the traditionally Tory middle class. Though his harsh medicine was necessary, Lloyd's pious manner of dishing it out irked even his colleagues, who term 1962-style austerity "Selwynism."

The new Chancellor is expected to ease credit restrictions a notch, lighten the 10% purchase tax on homes that has helped to perpetuate Britain's housing shortage. But eventually he will face the same problems as his predecessor, will have to try to maintain the pay pause—which the government now euphemistically calls "incomes policy." In the long term, Maudling hopes he can give labor and industry the incentives for the vigorous economic expansion that will in turn finance sorely needed school and hospital construction—and pave the way for another Tory election victory.

**Success in Supply.** Reggie Maudling's open, persuasive manner is the antithesis of Selwynism. Unlike his predecessor, who has always been ill at ease in the House of Commons, Maudling is a born debater with a stylish turn of phrase and a quick wit. Once, when a Labor critic jeered at the government's decision to cut beer taxes, Maudling shot back: "I detect one or two notes of acidity, no doubt arising from mixing cheap bitter and sour grapes."

Maudling, whose own tastes run to dry martinis and dancing barefoot on the Riviera with his pretty wife, has an undeserved reputation for indolence. According to a malicious rhyme that once made the rounds of the Commons,

Reg  
Has no edge  
And Maudling  
Is dawdling.



MAUDLING & FAMILY

But despite his deceptively casual manner, wartime R.A.F. Officer Maudling was one of the brightest and most diligent of the "backroom boys" who helped to liberalize Tory policy in the early 1950s.

Elected to Parliament in 1950, Maudling became right-hand man to "Rab" Butler, now First Secretary of State, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1955, as Minister of Supply, he successfully streamlined Britain's aviation industry, got it to mass-produce planes instead of blueprints. Maudling's biggest failure came in 1957, when he led Britain's attempt to forestall the European Common Market with a 15-nation free-trade area. Though negotiations were broken off by France, even his friends concede that Maudling was bored by the long-drawn discussions and dubious about Britain's need to join Europe. Today he is one of the government's leading "Europeans" and a stout proponent of Britain's entry into the Common Market.

**Roadblocks in Africa.** In 1959 Maudling became Harold Macmillan's youngest Cabinet member. He retrieved his reputation as President of the Board of Trade, a key economic post in which, despite gloomy expectations, he managed to expand Britain's trade with the Common Market. A tough, pragmatic bargainer who is trusted by the party's right wing (he did not oppose the Suez invasion), he was picked last year to succeed Iain Macleod as Colonial Secretary, has quietly demolished some herculean roadblocks in the path of independence for African territories, notably in reaching agreement last month on a five-year plan to settle 70,000 landless natives on a million acres of Kenya's choice White Highland farmland.

Part of Maudling's success as a politician lies in his ability to present unpalatable arguments in rational, easy-to-take terms. Discussing Britain's economic problems, he said recently: "No one wishes to return to the old, harsh disciplines of unemployment and grinding poverty. But unless their place is taken by the self-discipline of a responsible society, the whole basis of a free economy—and therefore of a free society—is in jeopardy." The nation may react to such Maudling talk as it did to Selwynism, but, grins the new Chancellor, "I'm an optimist."

pendent of public opinion. "The divorce court today represents more happiness than the silver wedding parties of our fathers," says Lord Kinross (only one marriage dissolved). The prevalence of silver or even golden divorces does not seem to diminish the peerage's optimism about marriage: Earl Russell took a fourth wife at 80, and the Marquess of Winchester, now 99, tried for the third time at 80.

Further threatening titled monogamy is the manner in which women set their caps for a peer ("One day he'll come along, the duke I love," Nancy Mitford's sister Deborah, now Duchess of Devonshire, once prophetically crooned). Especially guilty, says Hall, are American women, who represent "the most substantial marital hazard." Says Statistician Hall: "They are just that much more unstable than, say, a clergyman's daughter. Some 43% of second and third marriages by English peers to American women have so far broken up. Let's face it, if a peer marries an American, he's on to a loser."

## WEST GERMANY

### Bonn Homme

Bavarians are a clannish lot, devoted to their native soil. One Bavarian member of the federal Bundestag, Socialist Waldemar von Knöringen, became so despondent in Bonn—265 miles from home—that he would dial long-distance just to hear the operator's tape-recorded voice say "Munich, Munich, Munich."

Also Bavarian, but of another breed, is West German Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, 46, who has always seemed willing to trade Munich for Bonn—and who, in the view of his detractors, had his eye on the Palais Schaumburg, residence of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

**Prospects Dim.** Less than a year ago, Strauss's political road seemed clear. The aging Adenauer would soon quit; Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, a proficient economist but an uncertain politician, would not last long as successor; the third Chancellor of the Federal Republic would be the man who had forged the Bundeswehr into NATO's most powerful, most lively European partner.

Last September Strauss's prospects lost their glow. Before the final returns were in for national elections, Strauss referred to Adenauer in the past tense, angled with the Chancellor's opponents to pressure him from office. During a U.S. trip, he plumped to make NATO a "fourth nuclear power" (enabling West Germany to get atomic arms), despite Washington's objections. Adenauer, visiting President Kennedy at the time, said nary a word to support his Defense Minister.

The most damaging blow was an accusation last January, printed in the news-magazine *Der Spiegel*, that Strauss had profited from a get-rich-quick construction outfit named Fibag (for Finanzbau A.G.), which hoped to parlay \$125,000 into \$22 million on contracts to build housing for U.S. military personnel. A special Bundestag commission cleared

Strauss of any dishonesty, but questioned his prudence in having written letters supporting promoters of the scheme. In his time of troubles, Christian Democratic Party leaders, who have little affection for the burly, baroque Bavarian, were notably restrained in backing him. "I've worked day and night for six years," Strauss complained to friends, "and what are the thanks? I've only made myself unloved."

**Memory Fades.** A showdown was bound to come, and last week Strauss proved that if he was not loved, at least he was needed. The autonomous Bavarian branch of the C.D.U. was split between a conservative Catholic wing and a liberal Protestant faction, and to heal the breach, an appeal was made to Strauss, a Catholic, to run for minister-president (governor) of Bavaria in November. Deliberately, Strauss let it be known that he was



DEFENSE MINISTER STRAUSS  
Unloved, but needed.

homesick after all, and perhaps it would be nice to return to Munich.

The reaction from Bonn was immediate. C.D.U. spokesmen suddenly discovered that Strauss was "indispensable," said the party would "sincerely and deeply regret" his departure. Adenauer, who had been cool to Strauss for months, invited him for two intimate chats at which the Defense Minister unburdened his complaints. The cagey Chancellor listened, then told Strauss that he was a fine fellow whose resignation would force an embarrassing reshuffle of the Cabinet. By the time the talks were over, Munich had faded from Strauss's memory and Bonn felt like home again.

## RUSSIA

### Here We Go Again

Even as the futile 17-nation conference on disarmament resumed in Geneva after a month's recess, Moscow announced that it will resume nuclear testing.

## UNITED NATIONS

### The Court Says Pay

The framers of the United Nations Charter agonized over the consequences of allowing great states a political veto, but they hardly worried about a power that can paralyze the U.N. almost as effectively: the financial *nyet*.

Although many nations are behind in paying their regular annual share of costs (approximate total arrears: \$5,000,000), the really critical deficit involves members' deliberate decisions not to pay "special assessments." Because they dislike U.N. operations in the Congo and the Middle East, voted by the veto-proof General Assembly, the Communist bloc has refused to pay its share of the annual \$140 million price of troubleshooting in those areas. For their own political reasons, France, Belgium and most of the Arab states will not ante up for one or the other of these assessments. The \$200 million U.N. bond issue, backed with U.S. funds if Congress approves, will ease the pressure for a while, but the problem of the financial veto goes much deeper. Seven months ago, the General Assembly asked the International Court of Justice to decide whether all U.N. costs must be shared by all members. Last week the court gave its decision: yes.

The World Court's 9-to-5 ruling\* is "advisory," and although the General Assembly will probably endorse it this fall, enforcement is far from automatic. The U.N. Charter bars an Assembly vote for members more than two years in full arrears, but excepts any state that cannot pay "due to conditions beyond the control of the member," a phrase that can mean too many things to too many countries. And by paying only part of its debt each year, a member country can put off a showdown with the Charter provision indefinitely—while still refusing to pay for U.N. operations it dislikes.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### War by Chopper

A flight of 30 American-piloted helicopters flapped into the pre-dawn darkness last week, carrying 1,000 Vietnamese troops west of Saigon to the steamy, swampy Plain of Reeds for an assault on a Communist Viet Cong stronghold. By Vietnamese count, 99 Red guerrillas were killed or captured, along with large caches of arms and ammunition. It was probably the most successful single action yet fought against the Viet Cong.

Same day, the bodies of four American servicemen were flown home to the U.S. Victims of South Viet Nam's tortuous war by chopper, they were killed earlier in the week when their helicopter crashed under Communist ground fire. Total number of Americans killed in action so far: eleven.

\* In favor of the decision were leaders from Australia, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Japan, Nationalist China, Panama, United Arab Republic and the U.S. Against: Argentina, France, Peru, Poland, Soviet Union.



## ALGERIA

### The Quarreling Chiefs

Since it gained independence on July 1, Algeria has been drifting out of control. Last week there were, in effect, two capitals: Algiers, precariously ruled by Premier Benyoucef Benkhedda, and Tlemcen, near Oran, held by Vice Premier ben Bella, whom his enthusiastic followers compare to the Congo's late rabble-rousing hero, Patrice Lumumba. In a desperate attempt to heal the split between the two factions, the military commanders of the six *wilayas* (zones) of Algeria met last week at the inland city of Orléansville, interrupting their talks only to take soundings in Algiers and Tlemcen. They finally proposed a six-man politburo, with three members from each side, which would be empowered to prepare a slate of candidates for a Congress to be elected by the Algerian people.

Meanwhile, the bitter rivals were facing new complications. From Algiers, word came that Benkhedda was finished, and that his future role—no matter what his title—could only be a subordinate one. But the anti-Ben Bella cause is still being upheld by hard-bitten Belkacem Krim, who effectively controls the mountainous region of Kabylia, and by subtle, self-educated Mohammed Boudiaf, 40, who spent most of the war in a French prison with Mohammed ben Bella and grew to mistrust him.

In his "capital" at Tlemcen, Ben Bella also seemed to be losing ground to Colonel Houari Boumedienne, whose dismissal as F.L.N. army chief of staff last month precipitated the row with Benkhedda. It was Boumedienne, a pale, brown-haired former schoolteacher and pronounced left-winger, who last week angrily turned down the Orléansville proposal while Ben Bella was still studying it. Belkacem Krim and Mohammed Boudiaf had been named



FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES IN CORSICA  
The days of glory seemed to be over.

for the politburo, but Boumedienne denounced them both as "usurpers" and accused them of having "collaborated" with France in the days before Algerian independence.

While the F.L.N. leaders wrangled like children, there was evidence of a growing impatience among the long-suffering to million Algerians. The historical-minded remembered that their country had always fallen prey to conquerors because of the inability of its chiefs to unite against a common foe. The F.L.N. newspaper, *El Moudjahid*, had a warning to all the wranglers: "If an agreement is not reached very quickly, it will inevitably become necessary to consider the replacement of the leadership."

## FRANCE

### Exit Beau Geste

At its headquarters in the Algerian city of Sidi-bel-Abbes, the French Foreign Legion last week awaited the sound of Taps.

On the surface nothing was changed. In the Legion Museum lay the wooden hand of one-armed Captain Jean Danjou, who died with 30 other Legionnaires in a last-ditch stand against 2,000 Mexicans in 1863. In the courtyard surrounded by the pink-walled barracks stood the Monument to the Dead—a bronze terrestrial globe guarded by four bigger-than-life statues of Legionnaires. Sentries in white kits still stood guard before the gate bearing the inscription *Légion Etrangère*, but packing cases were piled on stair landings and in mess halls, and Legion tanks and halftracks were clanking down the road to Oran to embark for France.

The Foreign Legion, which was created 131 years ago for the express purpose of conquering Algeria, must now leave Algeria. The vanguard of a 1,500-man detachment has already gone to its new training area in the hills of Corsica. Another detachment is moving to new headquarters at Aubagne, a suburb of Marseille

—marking the first time that the Legion has been stationed on the French mainland in peacetime. "Transporting the Legion from Sidi-bel-Abbes is like uprooting a gnarled olive tree," says Legionnaire Colonel Alberic Vaillant. "It requires care and attention to make sure the old tree will flourish in new soil."

To generations of reading romantics, the Legion is inextricably linked with flying clouds of Touareg horsemen, toy-soldier forts in the midst of the Sahara, and nobly born Englishmen hiding their mysterious pasts under assumed names. To career soldiers, the Legion is one of the world's few elite organizations, comparable to the U.S. Marines and Britain's Brigade of Guards. To its own members (over the years the majority have been German or Slav), the Legion is an unparalleled string of battles, from Constantine in 1837 to Sebastopol, Magenta, the Somme, Verdun, Narvik, Bir Hakem, Cassino, Dienbienphu, and Algiers in 1960. Its flag, "whose staff bends under the weight of its glory," is one of the most cited and decorated of all the world's regimental standards.

With the end of France's colonial empire, the Foreign Legion seems obsolete. Some units may stay in Saharan outposts until 1965; others have already been sent off to French Somaliland and Madagascar. The abandonment of the old headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbes makes many Legionnaires feel that the days of glory are over. They cannot get the old thrill from plans to reshape the Legion into a crack, technical-minded force able to carry out all tasks, including nuclear ones. The change of headquarters from sun-scorched Sidi-bel-Abbes to the French mainland has been accompanied by a sharp decline in candidates for enlistment. An ex-Legionnaire, who was not surprised, grumbled, "Men joined the Foreign Legion for adventure, to see camels, giraffes and Tonkinese girls—not the suburbs of Marseille."



REBELS BOUMEDIENNE & BEN BELLA  
The days of wrangling must be ended.



PEASANT GIRLS ON THE NILE

The rocket could land just south of Beirut; but the land has a long way to go.



NASSER & RAMSES CAR

## EGYPT

### After a Decade

At a military base in the desert west of the Nile, President Gamal Abdel Nasser last week watched four Egyptian-made rockets roar upward into the clouds. The most potent rocket, named El Kaher (Conqueror), has a range of 360 miles and could land, said Nasser, "just south of Beirut." The area just south of Beirut is better known as Israel.

The rocket-rattling was a forerunner to this week's celebration of the tenth anniversary of Nasser's revolution. The program is elaborate: a major Nasser speech before a quarter-million Egyptians in Cairo's Republican Square, a military parade along the boulevards of the Nile Corniche featuring Soviet T-54 tanks of the Egyptian army and, overhead, Soviet TV-16 jet bombers with Egyptian pilots. Amid fireworks, throngs hurried to the fairgrounds on Gezira island, wandered through airy pavilions and outdoor exhibits crammed with Egyptian-made products, including Fiat cars, five-ton trucks, Ma Griffe perfume and Oodorono deodorant, all locally manufactured under license. As a nation that a decade ago had to import even matches, Egypt could feel proud of real progress.

Yet the official opening of the industrial fair showed how far the ageless land still has to go. For one thing, Dictator Nasser, 44, kept the diplomatic corps and other guests waiting a solid five hours while he, unable to delegate authority, was kept busy by economic negotiations. For another, many of the goods exhibited were still far from being in efficient mass production; RCA TV sets, for instance, were made by Egyptian workers from imported do-it-yourself kits at the rate of 200 a day, but only two or three locally produced cabinets were turned out daily. According to a typical Cairo joke, Nasser dies and goes to the Egyptian hell, but finds the place less terrifying than expected. Reason: because of a severe shortage of fuel, the oil does not boil often, the rack is always breaking down for lack of

spare parts, and the pitchforking devils—like true Egyptian civil servants—sign in at eight o'clock, then sleep the rest of the day.

**Arab Socialism.** Despite administrative and economic bungling, Nasser has survived a series of cliff-hanging crises, from Suez in 1956 to last year's collapse of the United Arab Republic, when Syria violently withdrew from the coalition with Egypt. Nasser was so shaken by that event that he allowed his secret police to institute a virtual reign of terror. He pulled out of this scare about four months ago, just in time to avoid a serious political reaction against him. With the help of massive economic aid from the U.S. and the International Monetary Fund, he has made another remarkable recovery, is finally facing the pressing problems which must be conquered before Egypt can enter the 20th century.

Last month Nasser summoned a National Congress of intellectuals, workers and peasants to Cairo and presented them with a "National Charter," his first major political credo since he took over. Despite the fact that Nasser had confiscated \$1.5 billion from Egypt's tiny, wealthy, luxury-bathed ruling class, he explained that "Arab Socialism" is not Communism: it favors religion, opposes the dictatorship of any class, and believes in private "but not exploitative" ownership. He called for the setting up of a one-party system based on a complex structure of villages, factories and urban districts. This ramshackle system, many Egyptians hope, may give Nasser a political base other than the army—which to date is the major force keeping him in power. Nasser is the first Arab leader to give government backing to birth control clinics to limit the nation's exploding population—it more than doubled since 1917, is expected to double again to 53 million by the end of the century. Increasing numbers of women are entering the economic life of the country, including 33,000 teachers and 43,000 government workers.

The impressed Congress delegates asked 900 questions about the Charter, including

the vital one: How will it be implemented? Replied Nasser genially: "That's a question I have asked myself."

**In the Villages.** A large part of the answer will come from Egypt's 4,000 villages. Most of them resemble one called Barsha, which lies under an umbrella of bending palms on the banks of the upper Nile. Visiting it last week, TIME Correspondent James Wilde found a cluster of mud-brick hovels and 4,000 people barely subsisting on 200 acres of farm land, probably unchanged in most respects since the days of the Pharaohs. The streets are cluttered by famished yellow dogs and skinny children with red-lidded eyes half-closed by trachoma and stomachs distended by bilharziasis. Young girls in ankle-length dresses go gracefully by with water jugs balanced on their heads. Most will be married at 15, lie on their deathbeds at 40. Many peasants still drink from the filthy canals, scorning the "weak" water supplied by a new artesian well. Life is so cheap that a professional killer can be hired for ten dollars, and it is not uncommon to see a gunman walking casually down a dusty road holding a large, white sunshade in one hand and a gun in the other.

Six years ago, change came to Barsha in the shape of a government organizer from Cairo, who convinced the villagers that they should pool their resources in a cooperative and set up interest-free loans for seed and fertilizer. The government has built a combined school and medical clinic to serve Barsha and other villages (the building is still empty for lack of a technical staff). A circuit-riding doctor pays a once-a-week call at Barsha, and Cairo surprised the villagers last year by passing out free insecticides to combat the cotton-worm blight and, when this failed, paid a \$10-per-acre subsidy to those who suffered complete loss. Under Egypt's land reform program, only three Barsha families have received five acres each. Throughout Egypt, 1,650,000 acres so far have been seized from the big landlords by the government, but distributing it is so laborious a bureaucratic process that

# IBM

computers are helping scientists at several universities probe one of the most intriguing mysteries of life—the puzzle of just how physical characteristics are passed along the family tree. Hopefully, this kind of research may lead to earlier diagnosis and treatment of many hereditary diseases.



Scientists would like to know, for example, if a gene that causes a particular hereditary disease travels along with a

gene for a normal trait, such as eye color or blood type. So far, they have been able to trace certain inherited traits back as many as nine generations. This problem is so complex that a single step may require as many as a million separate calculations.

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so far less than half of that land has been parceled out—to one-twentieth of the country's landless peasants.

**At the Dam.** Another, equally typical, scene of Nasser's battle is Aswan, the site of the famed high dam, which represents Nasser's industrial ideal. When completed around 1970, the dam will form the largest man-made lake in the world, reclaim nearly 1,000,000 acres of now arid land, and double the nation's electricity supply. Egyptians hope to make the city an "Arab Pittsburgh," and it already boasts a West German-built fertilizer plant and a modern sugar refinery, both surrounded by workers' housing developments and air-conditioned, U.S.-style supermarkets where veiled Arab shoppers mingle with the dumpy Russian wives of the 570 Soviet technicians working on the dam.

Between the extremes of ancient Barsha and modern Aswan lies a hodgepodge of "model" villages, badly designed steel-worries like that built by West Germans at Helwan (even the Egyptian railroads turned down its steel rails), and the auto factory whose Ramses sedan is unquestionably the ugliest car ever built (Westerners have dubbed it the "fellow wagon"). Nasser is determined to create an industrial middle class independent of the land. Plans call for creating half a million industrial jobs during the next two years, and for spending nearly \$3 billion on development during the next five years. But the vast majority of the people are still

concerned with agriculture—mostly cotton—and produce only enough wheat to feed the country more or less adequately for 40 days a year; the rest is made up by foreign aid, largely by surplus-food shipments from the U.S.

**The Balance Sheet.** Since 1952 the U.S. has supplied \$531 million worth of food, and this year has already nearly doubled the amount spent in 1961. The Communist bloc has contributed an estimated \$613 million in the last ten years. Another \$639 million in long- and short-term credits comes from Britain, France, Italy, West Germany and Japan.

Through its nimble borrowing, Nasser's regime has built up a staggeringly bad balance sheet, but so far can boast that it has never wrenched on a debt. The method of payment is often odd: last week Egypt got together the \$5,600,000 needed to pay off British subjects whose Egyptian properties were recently confiscated by the simple expedient of borrowing the money from Great Britain.

For all its problems and pitfalls, Egypt today is probably the stablest country in the Middle East, and perhaps the only one with a growing sense of where it is going. Despite desperately limited schooling at home, Egypt manages to export teachers—about 3,600 to the school systems of the Arab states—and Egypt's universities import swarms of students from Africa and Asia. Nasser has given Egypt more dignity and confidence than seemed pos-

sible a few years ago. But what with Russian influence and Nasser's constant socialist promises, a further drift to the left in Egypt is possible. A point of rising expectation is often also a danger point. "The Egyptian masses have now been fed not only with food, but also with propaganda, promises, ideas and false statistics," explains one observer. "There is a deep and pervading sense of frustration because of the failure to fulfill the slogan of 'Plenty for Everyone.'"

## IRAN

### The Reformer's Lot

During the 14 months that Ali Amini was Premier of Iran, he cut inflation, introduced sweeping land reforms, battled corruption. But one thing Amini could not do was balance the budget. Last week faced by a deficit of at least \$85 million, he sorrowfully turned in his resignation to the Shah. Amini at first blamed lack of U.S. aid for his downfall; he has long felt that Washington is more generous to neutralists, particularly Egypt, than to its Iranian ally. Next day Amini withdrew the accusation.

For years the U.S. had solved Iran's chronic financial crises by massive, sometimes indiscriminate outlays of cash (total economic and military aid in the last decade: more than \$1 billion). But this year Washington had served notice that unless Iran modernized its government



NEWS pictures have an endless sameness about them, broken only occasionally by a surprising pose, an unexpected quirk in the gestures of the great or small. A current bestseller called *Who's in Charge Here?* (Pocket Books, Inc.) spoofs the helter-skelter of press photography by attaching hilariously incongruous balloon captions to standard news photos. Israel's David Ben-Gurion, for example, is seen shaking hands with Winston Churchill and is made to say: "Funny, you don't look Jewish." Among last week's newsphotos were several ideally suited for such do-it-yourself captions.

Nikita Khrushchev, accompanied by Anastas Mikoyan, inspecting winter wheat on an experimental farm near Moscow. "Come out, Shirley MacLaine, we know you're in there."

One of the 10,000 Katangese women rioting against U.N. troops at Elisabethville: "Martin Luther King will hear about this."

India's Jawaharlal Nehru, during a Kashmir vacation, riding on a pony near a small, unidentified structure: "Are you sure it's not occupied?"







PREMIER ALAM

Tough enough to continue revolution?

bureaucracy—about 40% of its operating expenses is spent on salaries—the U.S. would not continue to foot the bill.

**Powerful Foes.** Amini had tried to persuade his Cabinet, especially the army, to trim expenditures. The Shah could have used his authority to back the Premier's demands, but did not. While the ministers argued over the budget (two even came to blows), the financial crisis deepened, partly as a result of Amini's realistic reforms. The Treasury lost a major source of revenue after a ban on foreign luxury goods reduced import duties to almost zero; the punctured inflationary balloon resulted in a recession.

Workers opposed Amini because austerity caused rising unemployment; intellectuals and students hated him because he suspended Parliament and ruled by decree; wealthy businessmen and many government officials fought his vigorous anti-corruption efforts; large landowners tried to scuttle his land-reform program. Even Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi was cool to Amini, because the Premier's family was a member of the ruling dynasty that the Shah's father overthrew in 1921. Faced by such adversaries, the surprise was not that Amini finally resigned, but that he had survived so long.

**Powerful Friend.** Amini's replacement is the Shah's boyhood buddy, Assadollah Alam, 43, a frequent fixture of Teheran governments, and known for his willingness to carry out the monarch's orders. Educated at a British school in Iran, Alam was Minister of the Interior at 29, early displayed what an American acquaintance describes as a combination of native toughness and Y.M.C.A. dedication.

Alam was one of Iran's first big landowners to distribute his holdings to the peasants, even now insists that his servants eat the same food as his family. Once, when a would-be assassin was nabbed outside his door, Alam gave the man \$40, then had him thrashed and sent into the street without his pants. In 1953, Alam helped organize the counterrevolu-

tion that overthrew Mohammed Mossadegh. Before taking over last week as the Shah's chief minister, Alam was the director of the Pahlavi Foundation, a charitable trust worth at least \$133 million, set up by the Shah to finance social-welfare plans out of the profits from royal holdings in banks, industries, hotels.

The new Premier pledged Iran's close friendship to the West, promised to pursue Amini's badly needed reforms. As the monarch's oldest friend, Alam will enjoy a confidence never shared by Amini. The more important question is whether he will use that confidence to continue Amini's peaceful revolution from the top. If he does not, the alternative might be a violent revolution from the bottom.

## MALAYSIA

### Merger Is a Must

Ever since its victorious, twelve-year guerrilla war against Communist rebels, rubber-rich Malaya has been an eye of calm amidst the storm of Southeast Asia. From its plantations comes 40% of the world's rubber, and scores of new schools and factories give evidence of its quietly booming economy. But for some time Malaya has cast a wary eye at the spread of Communist influence directly to the south. On the island state of Singapore, Red-lining extremists threaten to topple the local government, and the British-run territories of Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo (see map) are prey to the expansionist aims of Indonesia's left-leaning President Sukarno.

To prevent Singapore from becoming an Asian Cuba off Malaya's coast and to stimulate the development of the backward Borneo territories, Malaysian Prime Minister Tengku (Prince) Abdul Rahman last year proposed a sensible solution: the formation of a Malaysian Federation.

**No Altruism.** The Tengku's proposal would create a new independent nation of 10 million people with an area a little smaller than Japan. The federation would provide new political stability and end the "colonialism" propaganda issue, which has been a feeding ground for Communist growth. Malaya could use Singapore as a port instead of competing with it and could channel economic and technical aid into the Borneo territories with their rich oil and rubber resources. "There's not a single railroad track in all of Sarawak," says Abdul Rahman, "and not one road connecting any of the territories with each other." But the Tengku was not being just altruistic about the Borneo lands: he wants their inclusion in the federation because, being non-Chinese, they would preserve the existing cultural balance and keep the Malay-Muslim population from being swamped by the influx of Singapore's 1,250,000 Chinese.

Last week the Tengku was in London hopeful of hammering out the final details that would make his plan a reality. Britain has already tentatively okayed the federation, exacting only the promise that it could have continued use of its military base in Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei and

North Borneo have all indicated a willingness to join, mainly because it would give them their independence far sooner than they might otherwise have expected.

Only Singapore remains a stumbling block.

**Chaotic Alternative.** Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew is fighting to prevent Red rabble-rousers from ousting his government before the federation can be established. The once solid majority of Lee's Political Action Party in the Singapore Legislative Assembly has been dissipated through defections to a Communist-front known as the Barisan Socialists, who have been able to marshal tremendous support among the island's underfed, underemployed, predominantly Chinese masses. Lee's all too nimble shifting of position from right to left in the past has also cost him conservative supporters, who now maintain the P.A.P. in power only because they regard it as a far lesser evil than Communism.

Lee's only chance of saving himself from political extinction in his fight with the Barisan Socialists is to maneuver Singapore into the federation as soon as possible. Under the terms he proposes, the island would maintain a certain measure of autonomy by controlling its own labor and education policies, would let Malaya provide for internal and external security. Communist subversion would therefore be the responsibility of Malaya's powerful and expert police system. Naturally the Barisan Socialists rant that Malaya's government is "reactionary, repressive and misguided," scream that the Malaysia Federation plan is a "sellout" that would make Singapore's Chinese "second-class citizens."

Lee is committed to a referendum on the federation question and is campaigning hard to rally his dwindling support behind his program for partial merger. Aware that time is running out, he bluntly lays on the line the alternative to Singapore's joining Malaysia, "I'm not threatening chaos," he says. "I'm predicting it."



# THE HEMISPHERE



PERU'S JUNTA: PÉREZ GODOY, LINDLEY, TORRES MATOS, VARGAS PRADA  
"We have enough armament here to blow down the palace."

## PERU

### The Military Take Over

A colonel of Peru's army stood before an electric loudspeaker and pointed it at the palace where his President lives. "We demand immediate surrender," he yelled. "Avoid unnecessary bloodshed. We have enough armament here to blow down the entire palace." No reply came from the grey granite building. One of 30 tanks off front gunned its engine, rammed through the black wrought-iron gates. A few minutes later, a tired, slightly bowed man was escorted from the palace, plunked into a station wagon, and packed off to an island prison aboard a troopship.

Thus, at 3:20 in the morning, Manuel Prado y Ugarteche, 73, constitutional President of Peru, third largest nation in South America, was thrown out of office, just ten days short of completing his six-year term. The country's new rulers are a brass-bound junta of "four Presidents," headed by a cavalry general, Manuel Pérez Godoy, 59, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, and including General Nicolás Lindley López, 53, commander of Peru's army; Vice Admiral Juan Francisco Torres Matos, 46, boss of the navy; and General Pedro Vargas Prada, 40, chief of the air force. They struck only four months after a similar putsch in Argentina, with the military in both cases ending democracy because they did not like the outcome of free elections.

**Tollina for Transition.** In Peru the military target was not Prado, a conservative banker and aristocrat at the end of his term. The rebellion was against the government that would succeed him. For months the military had vowed that they would not permit the coming to power of Haya de la Torre, chief of the leftist-turned-moderate APRA party, which has been engaged in a bitter, sometimes bloody dispute with the army for more than 35 years. When Haya led the balloting by some 14,000 votes in the June 10 elections but fell short of winning the constitutionally required 33.33% of

the total vote, a fury of haggling began.

Perhaps realizing that his own past ill suited him to unite Peru, Haya offered to negotiate for a coalition government with the man who finished second, Fernando Belaúnde. Instead, Belaúnde cried that Haya had been elected by fraud—an accusation investigated and rejected by Prado's respected Electoral Tribunal. So Haya agreed to give his support to the third candidate, Manuel Odría, an ex-general who had ruled Peru as a dictator from 1948 to 1956.

**"I Beg of You."** It was at this belated moment—when the electoral results were officially certified, and the politicians had achieved a compromise in which the feared Haya would have only a minority voice in the government—that the military moved. In a last-minute appeal, Roman Catholic Primate Cardinal Juan Landázuri Ricketts pleaded with General Pérez Godoy: "In the name of our Holy Mother, the Church, I beg of you not to break the legal order." Answered Pérez

Godoy: "It is too late. The prestige of the army is at stake." Twenty minutes later the tanks were at the palace.

A grim, drawn President Prado sat surrounded by his ministers and friends. A door banged open, and in clumped eight Tommy-gun-toting men of Peru's elite, U.S.-trained Ranger battalion. "Señor Presidente," announced the colonel at their head, "I have been sent to take you prisoner." Replied Prado: "So be it. I leave under force from a sector of the armed forces." Standing near by, Pedro Beltrán, until recently Prado's Prime Minister and a man who had done much to foster democracy and development in Peru, could not hide his emotion. "Well said! Well said!" he cried.

Kneeling before a crucifix in the palace, the four-man junta swore itself into office. The soldiers then suspended all constitutional guarantees, dissolved Congress, arrested Electoral Tribunal officials "for trial," and promised "clean and pure elections" on June 9, 1963. Haya and other leaders of his party fled underground. The APRA-controlled Workers Confederation declared a general strike for this week. Crowds that gathered before the palace to shout "Viva la libertad!" and "Down with the junta!" were beaten with truncheons by police or routed with tear gas.

The reaction abroad was compounded of disgust and dismay, something the military junta had obviously not reckoned on. Nine Latin American countries suspended or broke off relations. The blow that hurt most came from the U.S. Having persistently warned Peru's military of the consequences of a coup, the U.S. suspended relations, stopped \$81 million in Alliance aid, cut off military aid now running at \$5,000,000 a year, and threatened as well to take away Peru's premium-priced U.S. sugar quota, amounting to \$19 million a year. "A serious setback" to democracy, said President Kennedy.



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in an unusually vigorous White House statement. The generals were reported planning to send a mission to Washington to explain everything. Said Pérez Godoy: "I know that President Kennedy can understand. What he wants in the Alliance is what we want."

What Kennedy and the Hemisphere Alliance partners want for Peru is a return to democracy.

## PUERTO RICO

### "Go Home Adam!"

At 1 a.m. one day last week, prowlers crept up to the \$45,000 summer home recently built by Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem Congressman, whose second wife is a pretty Puerto Rican who has been on the Government payroll as his secretary. Powell was off in Washington. Inside the villa, 25 miles from San Juan. Wife Ivette was home alone with six-week-old Adam Diago and a maid. Suddenly there were cries of "¡Viva free Puerto Rico!", and a barrage of rocks hit the house. For an hour the men hanged at the front door before giving up.

Mrs. Powell could not identify the intruders, but police had a good idea who they were: members of the small but fanatic lunatic fringe of Puerto Rico's Nationalist movement, which agitates for violent revolt to win independence for the tiny U.S. island commonwealth. A few weeks ago, Congressman Powell roused their anger by speeches in Puerto Rico favoring statehood for the island, and by advocating the wider use of English in Puerto Rican public schools, which are supported in part by U.S. funds and are taught in Spanish. The day before the rock attack, about a hundred nationalists picketed Powell's house with signs saying "Go Home Adam!"

Puerto Rico's nationalists may be few, but they mean to be obstreperous. Back in 1950, two of them tried to assassinate President Harry Truman at Blair House in Washington, and in the foray one nationalist and a Washington policeman were killed. At the same time, Nationalist Leader Pedro Albizu Campos led a revolt on the island itself that ended with 33 dead. Four years later, nationalists shot up the U.S. House of Representatives, wounding five Congressmen. Harvard-educated Albizu Campos and his chief lieutenants are serving long jail terms, and their movement now seems in decline.

Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap, under the able leadership of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, has convinced most Puerto Ricans that they have more to gain than to lose by their loose association with the U.S. It is estimated that there are fewer than 400 nationalist agitators among the island's 2,350,000 population. Some have gone over to Fidel Castro's Cuba; Campos' wife Laura, and one of his aides, Juan Juarbe, serve as members of Castro's delegation to the U.N., where they picture Puerto Rico as "the slave state of the Americas." The rest sit around dreaming up ways to make a noise far out of proportion to their numbers.



*Beach and bay off Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a dandy spot for a party pitcher of Daiquiris. John Stewart photograph.*

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## PEOPLE

Two queens make quite a pair—especially in Hollywood, where one leading lady ordinarily fills a house. But **Joan Crawford** and **Bette Davis**, both 54, have much in common. Both have had four husbands, won Oscars and published autobiographies. Now the royal twosome are cast as starring partners in *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, a story of two feuding sisters, both fading film stars. Whatever happens on location between the two perennial upstagers has the producers already counting columns of juicy publicity.

**HAROLD'S CLUB OR BUST?** read signs plastered all over the U.S. West, luring millions of Americans to the biggest gambling joint in Reno. So profitable was the lavish emporium of slot machines, roulette, and blackjack tables that the original outlay of \$600 by its owners, a thrifty family of Vermonters named Smith, paid off \$16,675,000 when they sold last week to a Manhattan syndicate. Still spinning the club's wheel of chance as manager: **Harold S. Smith**, son of the founder and author of an autobiography aptly titled *I Want to Quit Winners*.

Miss Britain quit to ban the bomb and Miss U.S.A. wailed: "My mouth is actually sore from smiling." But the smiles were just beginning for the grocer's daughter from Argentina, who proved to have the most universal appeal at the contest in Miami: **Norma Beatriz Nolan**, Miss Universe of 1962, a rare blend of Irish, Italian and Spanish, statistically 24, 5 ft., 6 in., 120 lbs. and 35-25-36. The perquisites of office are \$15,000 cash and

a \$7,000 mink coat; the duties include promotional tours of Portugal, Korea, Canada, Mexico and all points south. But Norma showed signs of taking it all in stride. Asked if she could twist, she replied, "Is it really necessary?"

Only a \$15-a-week steno when she sailed from London two years ago, Toni Avril Gardiner, 21, was back home again. As **Princess Muna al Hussein**, wife of Jordan's King Hussein, she checked into the palatial Dorchester Hotel with 27 satchels of finery, then toured the town in a murmuring maroon Bentley with a Scotland Yard escort on a shopping expedition to buy toys for her five-month-old son. And wasn't it fun to lunch at Buckingham Palace? Said the Princess: "I just hope I don't drop anything—any of those forks and spoons."

The mystery guest was ensconced in his isolation booth, and the panelists on NBC's noonday quiz show *Your First Impression* tried to guess his identity from his spur-of-the-moment responses to a series of unfinished questions:

- Q.: The one thing I hate to do is . . . A.: Lose.  
Q.: I feel uncomfortable when . . . A.: I forget my lines.  
Q.: You'd never catch me wearing . . . A.: A bow tie.  
Q.: Nothing makes a man look sillier than . . . A.: Falling on his face.  
Q.: You could never get me to . . . A.: Quit.  
Q.: If I could be a moment in history, I'd be . . . A.: President.  
Q.: My only regret is . . . A.: I wasn't assigned to a PT boat.

The panel guessed **Richard Nixon's** identity easily.

After Britain's small but noisy neo-Nazi movement provoked a Trafalgar Square riot with anti-Semitic speeches two weeks ago, a pro-Labor country squire, Lord Walston, wrote the *London Observer* an angry letter calling for extensive laws to curb excesses in public speech. Replying a week later, mischievous Satirist **Evelyn Waugh**, 59, penned his own modest proposal to the lord. Wrote Waugh: "May I commend to him a group whose interests, I am sure, lie near his heart: his own peers? . . . They have like the Jews, been the objects of frequent, atrocious attack. They are now held up continuously to hatred and contempt in newspapers and on the stage of this kingdom. I trust that Lord Walston's proposed act will make it criminal to express any opinions derogatory to these admirable fellow subjects."

It was hot by the Ligurian Sea. Her hair, done up in a bun, hung down in humid strings about her face and neck. He was rumped. Both were tired from filming Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* in the town of Tirrenia. In one of



LOREN & PONTI  
A tender moment.

those private moments that public figures rarely show the world, **Sophia Loren** wrapped her brawny arms around **Carlo Ponti**, her short, balding spouse, in a tender Neapolitan embrace. The photographers were not far away.

In his 26 years as a Congressman, Illinois Republican **Noah Morgan Mason** counted himself a lone voice speaking out against "socialistic government," a view that resulted in plenty of advice but little consent to New Deal, Fair Deal and Eisenhower programs alike. Now 82, the pernickety Welshman will retire this July 31. But "not to hibernate," he said, "I plan to become a missionary to the liberal heathen of the Hill . . . preaching conservatism to those members who yet may be saved to a happier future."

Asleep in his mother's arms throughout his first press conference, the three-week-old **Earl of St. Andrews** was soundly proclaimed by Fleet Street's eagle-eyed editors to look just like his dad. Son of



MISS UNIVERSE 1962  
A rare blend.



EARL OF ST. ANDREWS & MOTHER  
A wee bit of Scots.

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# CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

Prince Edward and Katharine, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the titled but yet unchristened infant earl—tenth in line to the British throne—has an imperial adventure ahead. Along with his father, a captain in the Royal Scots Greys, he will soon move to Hong Kong as the transferred regiment's unofficial mascot.

In London's High Court of Justice sat portly Plutocrat **Nubar Gulbenkian**, 66, the orchid in his buttonhole quivering at the slow progress of his suit against BBC. The son of the late oil mogul Calouste ("Mr. Five Percent") Gulbenkian sought to force BBC to turn over a recording of a 1959 interview in which he complained that the administrators of his father's estate were withholding a part of his inheritance. Barely pausing to eat, Gulbenkian lunched daily in a court anteroom on caviar canapés, truffled ham laced with port, cutlets in aspic and glazed duckling, Belgian raspberries and Italian peaches—eased down with whisky and lager. Between mouthfuls, Nubar explained: "I do this to keep up my spirits." When judgment was reserved, the natty trencherman rolled away in the London taxi rebuilt to his taste by Rolls-Royce.

Metropolis by metropolis, New York City's **Robert F. Wagner Jr.** was taking the measure of some dozen European cities during a month-long vacation. Strictly tourist—even to amazed airline officials, tourist class—the mayor, his wife and two boys, flew to Rome, where Wagner found the Eternal City in the midst of a mayoralty squabble. Then to Berlin, where he inspected the Wall, commenting: "It's the same as if you needed a passport to get from Brooklyn to Manhattan." He lunched with Frankfurt's *Bürgermeister* and dropped in on bucolic Nastätten (pop. 2,600), from which his father, the late U.S. Senator, emigrated. Made an honorary citizen, Wagner asked if he could vote in the city elections. The literal Germans replied: No.

Her marriage to the late Welsh Poet Dylan Thomas was a never-ending hurricane of flying crockery, and in *Leftover Life to Kill*, her chronicle of that 17-year clash of egos, **Caitlin Thomas**, 47, sometimes wondered how she and the tosspot genius avoided killing each other. Now, in a "Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter" in *Harper's*, irascible, Celtic-tongued Caitlin has some heartfelt advice for her 18-year-old: "Stick, my child, for goodness' sake, to creating babies, washing nappies, and crooning lullabies. A woman's place, as Dylan never ceased to tell me in vain, is in the bed or at the sink, and the extent of her travels should be from one to the other and back . . . Even if in reality her yielding shell contains a hard-boiled yolk of mercenary ambition, she must serve up her garnished egg at the table of male delectation, all a-shake and a-tremble with soft-boiled, running-over compliance. It means that the stress must insistently be on the symbols of femininity: bust, bum, legs, lips."

## SCIENCE

### Practice Space Show

Three minutes after the Thor rocket made its predawn blastoff from Cape Canaveral, a new star flared bright yellow across the dark sky. Tiny by standard star measurements, the man-made balloon of plastic and aluminum was 135 ft. in diameter—tall as a 13-story building, and large enough to be seen by the unaided eye.

But the show was even more dramatic in the Canaveral control room, where technicians saw every detail of the balloon's brief life reported by a TV camera carried aloft by the launching rocket. The screen first showed a round metal canister containing the folded balloon as it separated from the rocket nose and sailed smoothly ahead. Then the canister split in two halves, the released balloon began to inflate, its folded segments billowing outward as 52 lbs. of powdered benzoic acid in its interior turned to gas. At first the balloon formed an irregular watermelon shape, sunlight glittering on its irregular surfaces. Then the skin tightened into a polished sphere.

Rocket and bright balloon climbed through space together, the balloon appearing to grow smaller as it forged ahead. As the pair of space travelers passed their apogee (922 miles) and fell faster and faster toward the earth, the balloon appeared to shrink to a bright speck. Tracked by the following camera, the big silver sphere hit the fringes of the atmosphere and disappeared in a puff of smoke. The show ended a few moments later when the rocket and TV camera also burned.

Only survivor was a movie camera that had photographed the same scenes, then descended safely to earth on a parachute. But for all the spectacular burnouts, the shot was not a failure. The great balloon, largest though not the heaviest man-made object ever to enter space, was intended to destroy itself without going into orbit. The shot was only a test to perfect the dif-



SUNLIT BALLOON EXPANDING (WHITE DOT IS PART OF CANISTER)  
Then a puff of smoke.

ficult art of inflating big balloons in vacuum. A similar attempt last winter failed when the balloon burst because of too much gas pressure (TIME, Jan. 26). Last week's success means that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will soon try to put Echo II, its bigger and better radio wave reflector (passive communication satellite), in a high, shining orbit for the world to see and use.

### No Wheels, No Friction

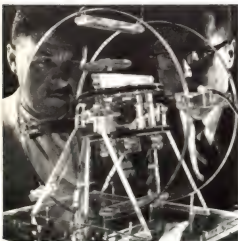
As man voyages farther toward the stars, and faster across the face of his own earth, the instruments by which he steers become vastly more important. And on planes or ships or spacecraft, the heart of the steering mechanism is a fast-spinning wheel called a gyroscope. These little wheels do their jobs because they try to point steadily in a fixed direction, and so they sense any turning motion of the vehicle that carries them. But conventional gyroscopes present a continuing problem. Because of friction in the bearings of their spinning wheels, they tend to drift slowly away from the proper direction, and so give false readings. This annoying weakness may soon be corrected. Scientists at Republic Aviation Corp. are hard at work for the U.S. Navy developing a gyro with no wheels, no bearings, and no friction at all. Its only moving parts will be subatomic protons.

**Faint Current.** Republic's tiny protons, which are the nuclei of hydrogen atoms, act exactly like small bar magnets. When they are placed in a magnetic field, they tend to line up like a bunch of compass needles. If the magnetic field changes direction, it tries to pull the protons around with it. But protons have a mysterious property called "spin" that makes them react like small spinning wheels. When the magnetic field changes direction, they do not follow obediently. Instead, they resist the turning motion, just as if they were gyro wheels.

The protons' reluctance to turn, explains Republic's Physicist Stanley M. Forman, is the secret of the new magnetic-induction gyroscope. Electric current passing through two coils of wire creates a magnetic field that makes protons in a small, water-filled sphere (sometimes a pingpong ball) line up in one direction. When the coils are turned, their magnetic field turns with them; the protons resist, and in their struggle they generate a faint electric current that can be picked up by a second pair of coils.

**Strong Measure.** Republic's proton gyroscope is at present an impractical bread-board model, built mostly of transparent plastic but even so it works well enough to prove the principle. In a practical instrument, says Milton J. Minneman, head of Republic's gyro project, the coils creating the magnetic field will be attached rigidly to the craft that carries them. As long as the ship or missile follows a perfectly straight course the protons held in the magnetism will remain electrically quiet. But if the ship turns, their struggle to keep from turning with it will generate an electric current that will be a measure of the speed and direction of the turn.

Most conventional gyros navigate in much the same manner, but Minneman is sure that proton gyroscopes can be made far more sensitive, able to detect the tiny changes of direction that are all-important in missile and space work. Their lack of mechanical moving parts should free them from nearly all tendency to drift, making them valuable for guiding nuclear submarines, which cruise under water for weeks without getting a fix on the sun or the stars. They should be cheaper too. There are elegant instruments on the market, says Minneman, that cost \$20,000. He is sure that the proton gyro, made mostly of coils and water, can be produced for under \$1,000.



FORMAN & MINNEMAN WITH PROTON GYRO  
For guidance, coils and water.



## ART

### "Created with My Blood"

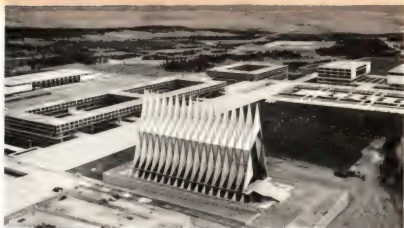
All her life, Käthe Kollwitz could remember her parents' bewilderment when, as a young girl in the East Prussian city of Königsberg, she first began to draw. They were perfectly willing to encourage her talent, but her choice of subjects was certainly unsettling. "After all," they would say, "life has its bright sides, too. Why do you show only the darkest?" As Käthe Kollwitz wrote many years later, "I had no answer, I simply wasn't moved by anything else."

Few artists have recorded so searingly the anguish of their time, for almost every drawing or lithograph Käthe Kollwitz produced turned out to be a cry of pain. Last week, in honor of what would have been her 95th birthday—she died in 1945—the East Berlin Academy of the Arts had on view 106 of her works, all but a few in stark black and white. Since she had spoken so lovingly of the proletariat, the Communists have tried to make much of her, but their stern and sterile ideology would hardly have found comfort in Käthe Kollwitz' emotional utopianism. She was a woman who took every quiver of human agony upon herself, and then transferred it to paper again and again.

**Beautiful Way.** In the beginning, she claimed, it was not compassion that compelled her to draw what she did. It was rather that, while she found the German middle class "pedantic and small," she found in the workers' way of life "greatness and scope. . . . I simply found it beautiful." Later, after her doctor husband established a practice in the workers' section of North Berlin, she came to know firsthand the "hardship and tragedy" of her husband's patients. When her 18-year-old son Peter was killed in World War I, her sense of tragedy deepened. The bronze monument she designed for him, showing



KOLLWITZ BY KOLLWITZ  
A conversation with death.



THE AIR FORCE ACADEMY  
A community dominated by the church.

the two parents grieving, was agony in itself; it took her 18 years to finish.

On occasion, small, taciturn Käthe Kollwitz could slip into melodrama, but the occasion was rare. She drew the unemployed, the underfed, the suddenly bereaved; often she found inspiration in Berlin's city morgue—by sketching accident or murder victims. Whether in the morgue, on a slum sidewalk, or in her big, incredibly cluttered studio in the Prussian Academy of Arts, the rhythm of her crayon or pencil varied with the mood, now feverish with shock, now heavy with despair. She was capable of depicting love in a tender drawing of a mother and a child; but in another drawing, the child might be dead and the love would turn from tenderness to shattering grief. Death was, in fact, almost always present in Käthe Kollwitz' mind. "All my life I carried on a conversation with death," she said.

**Long Silence.** In 1933, along with Novelist Heinrich Mann, she was forced to resign from the academy for having signed a plea against the election of the Nazis to national office. In time, Germany's new masters let it be known that she was not to be exhibited again. With that, there descended upon her, as she put it, a long "silence." In 1940 Dr. Kollwitz died, and two years later, her grandson—another Peter—was killed on the Russian front. Her house in Berlin was bombed out, and so was the one she moved to in Nordhausen. Finally, she settled in the gamekeeper's lodge on an estate in Moritzburg, a half-hour's drive from Dresden.

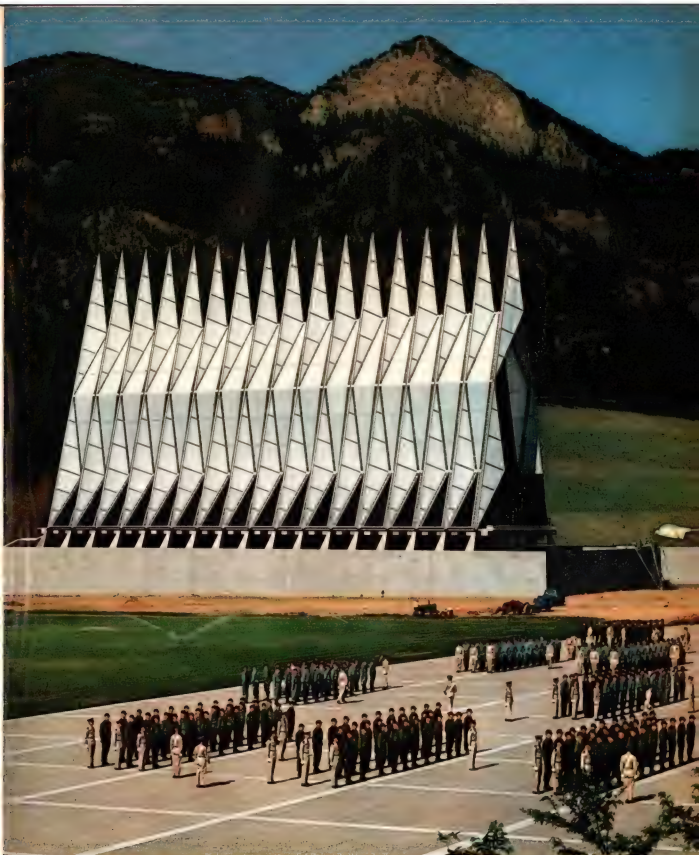
"Never," she once said, "have I created a work coldly, but always more or less with my blood." She was utterly exhausted, and her letters invariably ended with "Your very old and weary Käthe" or "Your old and life-sated Käthe." She dreamed of dying. The self-portraits in the East Berlin show begin with the drawing of a confident and alert young woman in 1892 and end with a profile of a stooped, old Käthe waiting for release. In one of her last letters, she wrote: "My deepest wish is to live no longer. I bless my life; I have not wasted it. I ask you only to let me go now. My time is up." A few weeks later, it was.

### Spires That Soar

It is the first thing that the visitor sees as his car approaches the new Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs, and it remains the dominating structure for as long as the visitor stays. The glistening spires, looming dramatically over the flat glass rectangles of the rest of the campus, seem almost transparent to the sun, so light that their tips look as if they were brushing the sky. No one can remain indifferent to the Air Force Academy Chapel: to some it has an awesome grace, to others a forbidding inhumanity (see color). This sort of controversy suits 42-year-old Architect Walter A. Netsch just fine. "I would rather people have some reaction to it," says he, "than have the cadets merely shrug and say, 'And that's the chapel.'"

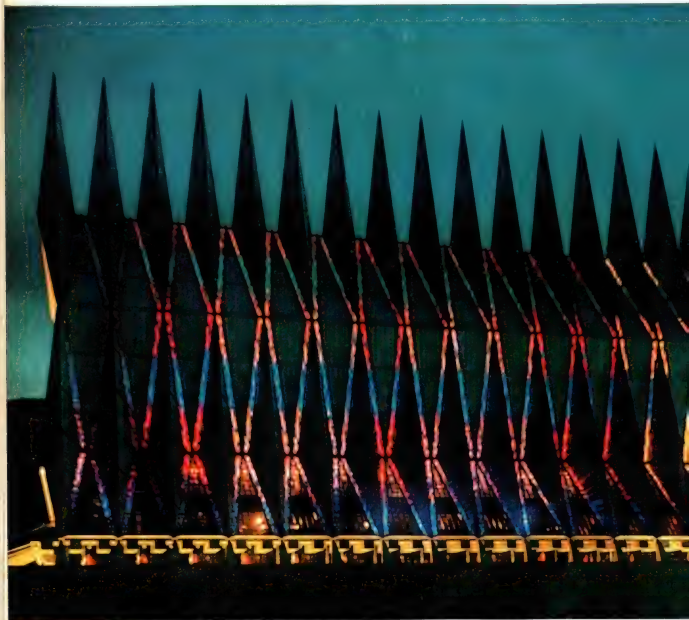
Though the nation's new churches have provided architects with many more opportunities for daring experimentation, the academy chapel was always a prickly assignment, for it required the approval of Congress itself for the first major Government-supported marriage of religion and modern architecture in the U.S. When the final plan was in, Virginia's Senator A. Willis Robertson said it looked like "an assembly of wigwags," and Congressman Errett P. Scrivner demanded to know why Congress should appropriate more than \$3,000,000 for so many spires when one spire per church had usually been sufficient in the past. The cost cutters won a modest victory: the 10 spires in the original design were reduced to 17.

**Out of a Doodle.** Architect Netsch of the Chicago branch of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill began working on the chapel in 1954 when SOM got the job of designing the academy. But unlike other architects who have been dotting the country with churches of all sorts of imaginative shapes, Netsch had to do far more than satisfy one specific congregation, and one creed. He not only had to build a private place of worship for the cadets, he also had to create a national monument. Furthermore, his building would serve Protestants, Catholics and Jews. A single-spire motif would imply one religion, and a three-spire motif would make no sense. The



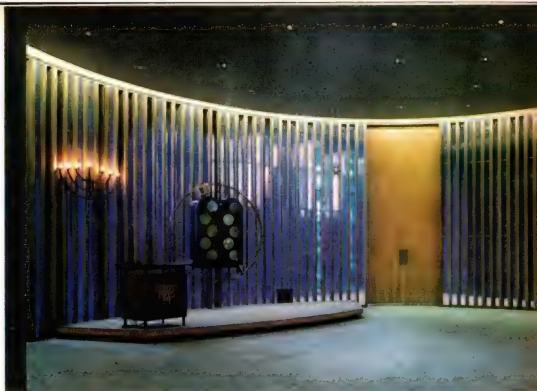
AIR FORCE ACADEMY CHAPEL, at Colorado Springs designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill in a Rocky

Mountain setting consists basically of 120 tetrahedrons that form 17 spires soaring 120 feet from the ground



AT NIGHT, colored light flows through the structure like blood through veins. The spires' tetrahedrons were prefabricated in Missouri,

are of steel covered with aluminum, weigh five tons each, and are separated by narrow panels of stained glass designed in Chartres.



JEWISH CHAPEL seats 100 cadets and was furnished by National Jewish Welfare Board at a cost of \$50,000. Its

primary motif is the circle, and almost all objects are rounded, partly to symbolize Air Force covering the globe.



CATHOLIC CHAPEL, with seats for 200 cadets, has mosaic mural by Lumen Martin Winter. Each of two figures

weighs one and a half tons, was carved of Ravacione marble, the same material Michelangelo used in Medici chapel.



PROTESTANT CHAPEL has interior that stretches heavenward like a great Gothic

vault, will seat 900 cadets. Behind pulpit is partition wall, covered with marble mosaic.



problem was how to produce a building that would be unmistakably a house of worship, without benefit of using, on the exterior at least, any of the traditional architectural hallmarks of any one faith.

Netsch tore up eight false starts before the final design came to him from one of those inspired doodles from which architects so often get ideas. He had drawn a horizontal line, then a series of near-vertical connected lines that looked a bit like the tracing of a seismograph gone wild. Then the idea of using tetrahedrons came into being—100 four-sided structures of steel tubing serving as the building blocks of a whole series of spires that would reach up to heaven and still flow logically from the design. "By literally placing the tetrahedrons on top of one another," says Netsch, "I made an enclosure that embodies the concept of light and space—and that is the dominant part of church architecture."

**Rivulets of Color.** The tetrahedrons were covered with aluminum, and 1-ft.-wide strips of stained glass, designed in Chartres, were placed between them. By day the glass suffuses the interior with muted light, while at night the colors run in rivulets over the exterior.

From the very beginning, Netsch had ruled out what he calls "a supermarket cathedral"—a single chapel that can change faith at will, using gimmicks such as revolving altars. Each religion would have a chapel of its own. The Protestants, being in the majority, got the largest, and since the academy service is fairly formal, the chapel was endowed with lofty grandeur. The Roman Catholic chapel and the Jewish place of worship are underneath, which caused one Catholic chaplain to observe: "The Protestants are nearer to heaven; they need the head start." The Catholic chapel, with its gentle arches and stonework, suggests the architecture and masonry of the Romanesque cathedral. The Jewish chapel is housed within a round wooden screen from which all structural elements have been eliminated. This, says Netsch, goes back to the ancient tents of the wandering Tribes of Israel, for each tent created, in architect talk, a "non-structural space."

**In the Spirit.** A number of Netsch's colleagues in the field of architecture have criticized him for not relating the building more closely to the setting, on the theory that the jagged structure seems to clash with the rolling mountains around. Yet had Netsch tried to relate more to the mountains, he might very well have ended up clashing with the campus. And to Netsch the community is the main thing; it seems quite natural that the spires should also suggest giant wings, and even the hangar-like quality of the Protestant chapel interior seems in its way appropriate. But most important of all, the building's metallic majesty, visible across the countryside like the church spires of rural Europe, is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the academy. Its materials and basic forms are largely those of an airplane, and its spires do not merely point, they soar.

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Paul Gray Hoffman, 71, automaker (Studebaker-Packard) who put his executive talents to use as Marshall Plan administrator, president of the Ford Foundation and director of the U.N.'s Special Fund; and Anna Marie Rosenberg, 60, onetime Assistant Secretary of Defense who is now head of her own public relations firm; both for the second time; in Manhattan. Some 50 old friends, among them Bernard Baruch, were on hand at All Souls Unitarian Church to hear the trembling bride repeat her vows and Hoffman beam: "At least 200 people have told me how wonderful Anna is, and anyone who wants to say how wonderful she is can say it again. I love to hear it!"

**Died.** Henry Finch Holland, 49, a fust-jawed lawyer who was John Foster Dulles' Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs from 1954-56, an energetic champion of the concept that private enterprise should play the major role in developing Latin America's economy, describing himself as a man "often in error but never in doubt"; of cancer; in Greenwich, Conn.

**Died.** Eugene Jules Houdry, 70, Paris-born inventor and chemist, who scored one of the most significant advances in the history of the oil industry with his Houdry process for catalytic cracking that made better gasoline; following surgery for cancer; in Upper Darby, Pa.

**Died.** John Frederick Seiberling, 73, son of the late Frank A. Seiberling, founder of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., who lived by the motto *Dum vivimus vivamus* ("While we're alive, let us live"), who rejected the business world to spend his life building a large private library and traveling; of cancer; in Akron, Ohio.

**Died.** Lord Nelson of Stafford, 74, British engineer and industrialist, a middle-class merchant's son (born George Horatio Nelson, no kin to the naval hero) who won his peerage by taking over the Depression-stricken English Electric Co. Ltd. in 1933, building it into a giant combine (assets: \$250 million) producing everything from the Canberra jet bomber to the smallest vacuum tubes; in Stafford.

**Died.** George Macaulay Trevelyan, 86, Britain's most eminent historian, great-nephew of Lord Macaulay, famed 19th century political satirist, a Cambridge professor who published his first work at 23, was best known for his monumental *English Social History*, which for some 20 years has been a standard text on both sides of the Atlantic; in Cambridge. An outspoken, impatient man with deep-set eyes and beetling brows, Trevelyan was a zealous defender of the green splendor of England's countryside, warning his fellow Britons to preserve its beauties, or "the future of our race will be brutish and shorn of spiritual value."

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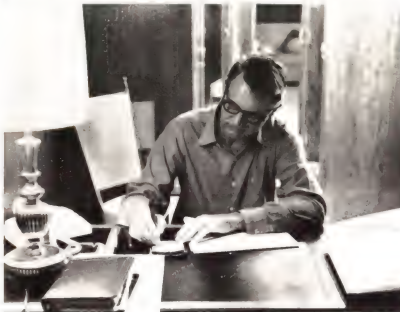
## SHOW BUSINESS

### HOLLYWOOD

#### Old Cary Grant Fine

In 1999, when John Kennedy Jr. is President of the United States and David Eisenhower wins the National Open, when the backside of the moon is selling for \$500 an acre and the Ford V-80 runs on nuclear power, the leading actor in Hollywood will be Cary Grant. The man is permanent. Continents have disappeared,

ily better looking. More or less successfully, he spends his real life pretending he is Cary Grant. Open *Paris Match*, for example, and there, in all likelihood, will be a picture of him in a sexy Italian car zooming east of Nice on La Moyenne Corniche—the same route he followed with Grace Kelly in *To Catch a Thief*. He is the darling of the internationals—a janizary in Kelly's Monegasque toy palace, a captive treasure among the po-



ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER LEACH

He spends his real life pretending he is himself.

and great islands have exploded into the air, but Cary Grant may outlast Earth, Mercury, and the Sun itself.

He is, actually, 58. He has made 60 motion pictures, and the latest—*That Touch of Mink*—is currently breaking box office records at the Radio City Music Hall that were set three years ago by *North by Northwest*, starring Cary Grant. And all this has made him so rich that he could, if he chose, join NATO. His treasury grows by roughly half a million dollars a picture. The day is probably coming when he will be taking 90% of a picture's gross, generously giving the other 10% to his producers.

**Darling Janizary.** He also has virtually every nickel he has ever earned. He was once seen handing a few coins to his first wife and counting them first. Some time ago, when Manhattan's Hotel Plaza sent him 1½ English muffins for breakfast, he called the head of room service and the manager and even threatened to call Owner Conrad Hilton, claiming that the menu said "muffins" and a measly 1½ did not live up to the plural.

Lean, suave, incomparably tanned, he never wears makeup and has gotten stead-

tentates and popinjays of the Onassis floating salon.

Being Cary Grant is such a gilded role, in fact, that all sorts of other people think they are Cary Grant, too. The most notable of these is Tony Curtis, who caricatures Grant in everything he does. He dresses like Grant, but with tighter pants; his IRT-and-crumpets accent is an attempt to sound like Grant; and he imitates Grant on the screen (*Some Like It Hot*). When Curtis bought a Rolls-Royce, he gutsily made sure he got a better one than Cary's.

**Homeless Archie.** Grant has many apes but few friends. In Hollywood—he has a mansion in Beverly Hills—he runs with no pack and is rarely seen at parties or premieres. "I don't know anyone who has been to Grant's house in the last ten years," says Director Billy Wilder. Grant steadfastly insists that he has as much right to his privacy as a plumber or a municipal clerk. When people ask for his autograph he gives them an incredulous look as if they were trying to crash a party, and if some jolly cloy says, "Put your John Hancock right here, Cary," he says, "My name is not John Hancock,

and I have no intention of putting it anywhere." On one memorable occasion, a rebuffed fan snapped: "Who the hell do you think you are?" Grant, cool as the north wind, answered: "I know who I am. I haven't the vaguest idea who you are, and furthermore I don't care to know."

Cary Grant, of course, is Archibald Alexander Leach ("My name will give you an idea what kind of family I came from"), son of a textile worker in provincial Britain. When Archie was twelve, his father deserted his mother, a tall and commanding woman who for a time went to pieces under the shock of rejection. Little Archie, essentially homeless, turned to show business and ran away to join a troupe of acrobats.

**Unlocked Cages.** Perhaps reacting to his dark-haired, dark-eyed mother, he has had three blonde, blue-eyed wives. The first was Virginia Cherrill, the flower girl in Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*; the second was Five-and-Dime Heiress Barbara Hutton, and Cary will go down in history as one Hutton husband who did not ask for alimony; the third is Actress Betsy Drake, whose grandfather built Chicago's Drake and Blackstone hotels.

An accomplished hypnotist, Betsy Drake put Cary to sleep at various times and caused him to stop smoking and drinking. Together they explored Oriental religions, transcendentalism, mysticism and yoga. Grant claims that through her he learned how to put one side of his jaw to sleep when a dentist happened to be drilling there. For 3½ years they have been intimately estranged, living apart, dating each other frequently, taking trips together. Once at a Broadway show, Cary saw her come in with another man. "There's my wife," he said to his own companion. "Isn't she beautiful?"

Four years ago, Grant and his psychiatrist tried using LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide, a powerful drug with effects similar to mescaline) to help uproot Cary's deepest psychological problems. Often called instant analysis, LSD cleans out the subconscious like lye in a septic tank. Impressed with his own progress under its influence, Grant delivered a confessional lecture at U.C.L.A.: "I was a self-centered boor," he told an audience of fascinated students. "I was masochistic and only thought I was happy. When I woke up and said, 'There must be something wrong with me,' I grew up." In a subsequent interview he explained how he grew up: "Because I never understood myself, how could I have hoped to understand anyone else? That's why I say that now I can truly give a woman love for the first time in my life. Because I can understand her." Betsy Drake filed for divorce last week.

**Old Days Now.** Professionally, he has always been on top. His specialty is light comedy, and in it he has no peers. Summing up Grant's talent, Director Michael Curtiz once said, "Some men squeeze a line to death. Cary tickles it into life." But good light comedy is still little more than exquisite froth, and Cary Grant has never won an Academy Award. "I don't

quite understand all the fuss over this so-called realism," he complains. "Is a garbage can any more realistic than Buckingham Palace?"

On a set, he drives directors and fellow actors round the bend with his fussy attention to minutiae. "Five hundred small details add up to an impression," he says. He once went over the scalps of innumerable extras to see if their hair had been properly dyed. Filming *That Touch of Mink*, he went shopping with Co-Star Doris Day and supervised her purchase of shoes, skirts and blouses to wear in the picture: back in Hollywood, he was so disturbed when he saw the paintings on a set wall that he held up production while he went home and returned with better ones from his private collection.

In his studio office, he keeps three tremendous photographs of his wives and numberless mementos of his long and lofty career. "The good old days are now," he grins amiably. A short time ago, a magazine editor wired him: HOW OLD CARY GRANT? And he wired back: OLD CARY GRANT FINE. HOW YOU?

## TELEVISION

### The Coming Season

Enter the graveyard. Read the small stones: *Frontier Circus*, Oct. 5, 1961—May 24, 1962; *Cain's Hundred*, Sept. 19, 1961—May 8, 1962; *Father of the Bride*, Oct. 6, 1961—May 18, 1962; *Bus Stop*, Oct. 1, 1961—March 25, 1962. But curiously, there are fewer this year. The infant mortality rate among television shows has gone into a slight decline. TV's mediocrity is apparently becoming institutional, and some programs are being kept alive for next season that would have been kicked into oblivion in the more ruthless years.

Shows like *Hazel*, *Margie* and *Mr. Ed* (the corn-talking horse) are actually coming back next fall, and the new season will further reflect the old with such unforget-

table concentrations of dramatic power as *Leave It to Beaver*, *My Three Sons* and *The Real McCoys*. Even *Car 54, Where Are You?* has been granted a stay of execution, although no one has ever known where it really was.

**Vets & Psyches.** There will, in fact, be some new things on television this fall. In a series called *The Eleventh Hour* (NBC), Wendell Corey will become TV's first weekly psychiatrist, having analyzed already the remarkable 1961-62 success of Drs. Casey and Kildare (both returning of course). There will be a program called *The Nurses* on CBS and, perhaps to satisfy a large segment of the mass audience, a new show about a veterinarian (NBC). Its cast includes all sorts of known animals and two unknown actors named Josh Peine and John Hubbard.

But more than to medicine, TV's new weeklies are turning to World War II. NBC will ship somebody called *Ensign O'Toole* out to the Pacific, while ABC will fight in both hemispheres and on all fronts: *Combat* will follow U.S. soldiers from Normandy across France and into Germany; *The Gallant Men* will campaign in Italy; and Ernest Borgnine, in *McHale's Men*, will skipper a PT boat in the South Pacific as a sort of Marty Fitzgerald Kennedy.

New situation comedies will be stretching further than ever for their situations. Perennial Loretta Young will be a widow with seven children. There will be rustic mountain folk living in Los Angeles (*The Beverly Hillbillies*), carpenters exchanging old saws (*I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster*), and Stanley Holloway as a British butler on the staff of an American family (*Our Man Higgins*). The producers of *The Flintstones* have a new family called *The Jetsons*, who live one century in the future. Mrs. Jetson has a high-IQ vacuum cleaner that can see, think and maneuver on its own. It dumps its load under the carpet.

Comedy is having a comeback, and some of television's great names are returning after doleful absences. Jackie Gleason will revive *The Honeymooners* (with a new supporting cast) as part of his resurrected *Jackie Gleason Show*. Both Sid Caesar and Lucille Ball are returning

in shows named after them, and Jack Paar's abdication ends with the new weekly *Jack Paar Show*.

New westerns are rarer than ever before, but that is only because such old ones as *Guns, Smoke, Rawhide*, *The Cheyenne Show*, *The Rifleman*, *Wagon Train*, *Laramie*, *Bonanza* and *Have Gun, Will Travel* have logged a combined total of 38 years in the saddle, and when a new hombre appears on the screen, they don't aim for the knees, they shoot to kill. NBC, however, will offer "the first 90-minute-western series ever to appear on TV"—a televised edition of Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, with James Drury as Gary Cooper. NBC will also present something called *Empire*, which will be an oater with a contemporary King Ranch sort of setting, cowboys riding the range in helicopters.

**The Good Side.** One out of every 18 hours of prime time next season will be given to regularly scheduled public-affairs programming, television's most praiseworthy area of effort. Huntley and Brinkley (NBC) are practically as popular as gin and tonic. *CBS Reports* will begin its fourth season. *Specials* will treat everything from the Common Market to the America's Cup. Herbert Hoover will write and narrate a program called *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*. President Eisenhower and Bruce Catton will collaborate on a similar program about Lincoln. And NBC's superior *Project 20* has in preparation studies ranging from the Old Testament to the Korean war.

This sort of thing, plus TV's superb coverage of great events as they occur, is what makes a television set worth owning. As Samuel B. Gould, president of Manhattan's new educational TV station WNDT said in a speech last week, complimenting the best of commercial broadcasting: "The secret of solving our national television problem lies not so much in condemning what we know to be meretricious, superficial or outright ridiculous, but rather in lifting the level of expectation and appreciation on the part of an increasing number of the population. It lies in developing a sense of discrimination and good taste as well as the habit of selectivity."



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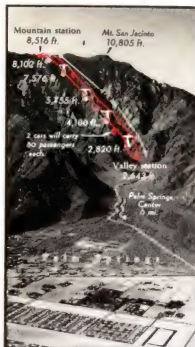
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## MODERN LIVING



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### TRAVEL

#### Desert to Alps

To residents of Palm Springs, California's summer-temperature winter resort, Mount San Jacinto has always been merely the inconvenient hulk that cuts off the January sun at 3:30 p.m. and sends swimming pool loungers shivering toward the bar. But previously inaccessible Mount San Jacinto is soon to be a resort area itself. The world's largest passenger-carrying tramway will lift vacationers from oven-like Chino Canyon to a winter-temperature summer resort some 5,000 ft. above from the California desert to the California Alps in 15 minutes.

The tramway's cars (one going in each direction) will hold 80 passengers, who might not want to risk a ski run down San Jacinto's craggy sides, but can at least enjoy a 100-mile view of the valley. Palm Springs' planners expect to complete the \$7,700,000 system by next May, hope to draw an additional 500,000 visitors annually soon thereafter.

### THE CITY

#### The Late Show

It seemed at first like a great idea. A television camera was discreetly installed in the apartment-house lobby. When an apartment owner's bell rang, all he had to do was flip his TV set to Channel 4, and the image of his caller flashed on the screen over a specially installed closed circuit. Thus tenant could have a good look at caller before deciding to let him in.

But in the system's first year in four Chicago apartment houses, it turned into

what one avid viewer described as "the greatest indoor sport since chess." Not content simply to tune in when they themselves had visitors, most tenants were delightedly looking in fulltime at their neighbors.

Via the electronic snooper, viewers could keep tab on which tenant was being besieged by bill collectors, which girls were going out with what boys. In one building, a married tenant whose wife was away was caught, on Channel 4, escorting a shady lady through the lobby. In the University Apartments on Chicago's South Side, the building's bachelors now enter and leave through the basement. Said one unmarried woman resident: "If you come home late from a date and the boy wants to kiss you good night in the lobby, you can almost feel all the eyes watching you. It's downright embarrassing." A high point of "lobby observing" (as it is known to the trade) comes when an unwary caller, thinking himself alone, begins to preen and scratch while waiting for the answering buzzer. One tenant regularly warns his caller over the intercom: "Smile, you're on Candid Camera."

For all its foretellings of Big Brotherism, the system has worked some good. Last Halloween, teen-aged pranksters invaded the University Apartments lobby. Their hands, clutching tubes of lipstick, were poised in mid-air with the four-letter words yet unwritten when a husky voice boomed out at them. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," it said. They fled.

#### Blow, Cool Air

Air conditioning celebrated the 60th year of its existence last week in its own peculiar, purring style. No fuss, just cool and quiet.

Men have long made desperate attempts to keep cool. In the summer of A.D. 221, Roman Emperor Heliogabalus sent 1,000 slaves into the mountains for snow to cool his gardens. Sweltering men have produced bizarre notions too: one 19th century inventor drew a fanciful suit of Venetian blinds, including a Venetian-blind hat. Various theaters and the Hungarian Parliament tried blowing air over massive amounts of ice.

**Gasping Leviathans.** But modern air conditioning began with the discovery that cooling was not enough; it was also necessary to control the humidity. In 1902 Willis Carrier, who is said by his corporate heirs to be air conditioning's Edison, designed his first system for a Brooklyn printing plant (muggy air was wrinkling the paper for *Judge* magazine). In this system, coils both cooled the air and condensed the moisture out of it. But progress was slow at first. It was 1914 before the first home air conditioner—a huge, gasping leviathan—was installed in the Minneapolis home of Charles Gates, the son of Bet-a-Million; it was 1930 before the first air-conditioned railroad car was in regular service.

The first machines were massive, noisy,

and filled with toxic chemicals. A major breakthrough came in 1938, with the introduction of a system that blew high-velocity air through thin conduits, eliminating the need for bulky air ducts in air-conditioning large buildings. With postwar prosperity—and advances in metallurgy, refrigerants and technique—the window air conditioner was introduced to an eager market, and the industry was on its way.

**Space & Earth.** Today, air conditioning is a \$3.2 billion business. Sixty million Americans now lead lives that are at least in part air-conditioned. Air-conditioning units are in 6,465,000 U.S. homes, six out of ten hotel rooms, half the office buildings, 15% of U.S. hospital rooms, and every other car in Texas.

The air-conditioning industry points out with pride that the space age would not be possible without it. Many of the instruments and gadgets that go into the space-age rockets cannot be constructed except in sealed laboratories, where the air is sterilized, dust-free and closely controlled in temperature. Nor could any astronaut survive the blasting heat of re-entry or the paralyzing cold of outer space without air conditioning.

In earthly comforts, the industry is concentrating on centrally located, mass-



AIR-CONDITIONED SUIT (CIRCA 1860)  
From idea to ideal in 60 years

produced air conditioning: last month the Hartford Gas Co. inaugurated the U.S.'s first utility-operated air-conditioning plant, which will offer metered air conditioning to any building in the entire downtown area. In Washington a builder has installed a central system for 134 new town houses, piping chilled and hot water into each and dispensing with the need for furnaces, hot-water heaters and chimneys.



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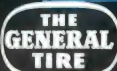
Symbol of quality in the world of wood

# UNDERSEA TECHNOLOGY

## searching the silent world

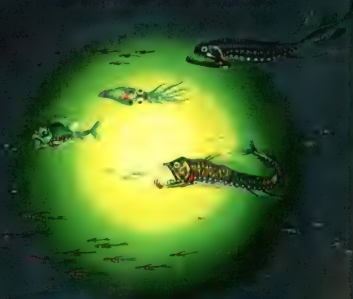
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# MUSIC



AUDEN



HOUSMAN



KAFKA



NIETZSCHE

The audience lingered to find out what they had heard.

## Experiment in Time

The music is spare. It also manages to be both intricate and delicate. The vocal line is continually pulverized and reassembled—hurled at the listener in fragments, sent darting and swooping with almost maniacal power. And behind it much of the time, the brasses chatter, the winds and strings flow and stretch and blend into an uneasy harmony. The sense of unease, in fact, is what gives strength to the score, suggesting not lack of control but a rolling dramatic energy.

**Structure & Sound.** As if the sounds of Composer Lukas Foss's *Time Cycle* are not startling enough, the piece is curiously episodic—only 20 minutes long and based on four disparate texts.

• Song I is from W. H. Auden's *We're Late*:

*Clocks cannot tell our time of day  
For what event to pray  
Because we have no time, because  
We have no time until  
We know what time we fill . . .*

• Song II is from A. E. Housman's *When the Bells Jingle*:

*When the bells jingle in the tower  
The hollow night amid  
Then on my tongue the taste is sour  
Of all I ever did*

• Song III is from Franz Kafka's *Diaries*:  
*This last week was like a total breakdown. . . . The clocks do not synchronize; the inner one chases in a devilish, or demonic, or at any rate inhuman manner; the outer one goes haltingly at its usual pace.*

• Song IV is from Friedrich Nietzsche's "O Man! Take Heed!" from *Thus Spake Zarathustra*:

*One! O Man! Take heed! Two! What speaks the deep midnight! Three! "I slept, I slept—" Four! "From deep dream I awoke." Five! "The world is deep," Six! "And deeper than the day."*

Although all four pieces of text deal with time, and although the score is studied with the clang of bells and the tick of clocks, the music reflects the text primarily in structure rather than in sound.

**Conductor's Compliment.** Foss's experiment in time is so challenging that at its premiere, almost two years ago, Conductor Leonard Bernstein insisted on playing the piece a second time for a discriminating 400 that lingered at concert's end to try to find out exactly what they had

heard. (Said Lenny to the 400: "I compliment you.") Since then, many a conductor has deemed *Time Cycle* worthy of one, if not two, hearings, and it has become a frequently performed modernist work. Last week at the Stratford Festival in Stratford, Ont., it was played with Foss himself conducting from the piano. Festival Co-Director Glenn Gould praised it as "the most important work in the last ten years."

The Stratford performances were interrupted by sessions of "controlled improvisation" in which the performers tried to make musical comment on the material. Although the improvisations left the crowd bewildered (Foss considers them optional), the piece as a whole brought an ovation. Composer Foss, who now plans "to withdraw from the improvised approach," may add to *Time Cycle* by inserting poems in Italian and French. But he was more than satisfied with last week's performance. Said he modestly: "It's a good vehicle for musicians when the performers are up to it."

## The Hit-and-Run

*You don't really know loneliness unless you do a year or two with a one-night band. Sing until about 2 a.m. Get in a bus and drive 400 miles. Stop in the night for the greasy hamburgers. Arrive in a town. Try to sleep. Get up and eat.*

—Singer Georgia Gibbs

It was a hot, muggy, starlit night in the dusty Ontario lake town of Port Stanley (pop. 1,480). The fish flies swarmed, and the rickety Stork Club Ballroom had just disgorged 500 jazz fans. By 2:25 a.m., all 23 handmen had clambered aboard the big silver, red and white bus, followed by Bandleader Stan Kenton carrying a cardboard carton with 30 ham sandwiches. Somebody snapped on the switch of a blue light that signified drinking time, and the bus began to roll.

**Jazzed Up Dissonance.** Stan Kenton's crew, which last week was midway through a nine-month tour, is riding the crest of a post-rock 'n' roll revival of interest in bands. The revival has not yet risen to the peak of the '30s when the bands roamed the countryside in gaudy caravans, carrying a whiff of the wide world with them. But, although there are fewer bands today, the top ones are making bigger money and getting more bookings. If they wanted to, such men as Ray



COMPOSER FOSS

Anthony, Harry James, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman and Les Brown could probably work every day of the week playing at colleges, in high school gymnasiums and under the tents. Stan Kenton nearly does work a seven-day week.

Touring the summer circuit, Kenton keeps his men in a state of near exhaustion that, strangely, seems to add to their cohesion and musical *esprit*. To the usual jazzed-up dissonances that are his musical trademark, Kenton this year has added the sound of the mellophonium, a kind of straightened French horn that he developed to fill in a range of sound that usually remains unexploited—somewhere between the trumpet and the trombone. Whipped by the rhythm section's artfully lagging beat, the buttery mellophonium sound satisfies the taste of as many as 5,000 a night. As a result, the Kenton band is this summer's briskest moneymaker.

**The Way We Live.** In the Kenton band, the ritual of the hit-and-run—two one-nighters laid back to back—is a commonplace, if still nightmarish, feature of touring life. Kenton himself has been at it for 21 years, as has his driver, who first wheeled a Kenton bus in 1941. The hit-and-run from Port Stanley was typical. The destination was Cleveland, 100 miles away, where the band had a concert the following afternoon. As soon as the bus pulled out, the handmen settled down to the jazz world's two favorite antidotes to boredom—poker (rear of the bus) and drinking (front). Kenton rode in the well at the front door. A few lucky musicians were able to sleep, notably Saxophonist Joel Kaye, who at 140 lbs. is small enough to slip into the overhead luggage rack. A couple of other handmen listened over individual earphones to the tape recorder that Kenton had installed at the start of the tour. Favorite listening: Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Puccini.

At 3:50 a.m., the bus stopped at an

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STAN KENTON (WITH ARM RAISED) & BAND ON THE ROAD  
And one small saxophonist in the luggage rack.

all-night diner for a 45-min. breakfast break (the band had not eaten since 6 p.m.). By 9:30 a.m., the bus was within "14 hands" of Cleveland (distances are invariably measured in poker hands), and the bandsmen hoped they might have time for some sleep before the concert. As it turned out, they had time only for showers before piling out into 90-degree heat in the big tent where they were to play. For all that, the band blew its lungs out for two hours; in such numbers as *Malaguena* and *Waltz of the Prophets* it produced the most exciting big-band sound around.

Is the hit-and-run life worth it? "There's loneliness here on the road," says Trumpeter Marvin Stamm, "but then there's loneliness anywhere in life." Says Kenton, who believes that this hand is the best he ever had: "It's not really a grind; it's the way we live."

### 25-Year Sleeper

*Sing me a song with social significance.  
All other tunes are taboo . . .  
It must be tense with common sense  
Or I won't love you.*

The curtain raiser does not even come close to reflecting the sentiments of today's musical comedy. But even in their own livelier era, the lyrics were part of one of the most improbable musical hits ever to reach the stage—the 1937 show, *Pins and Needles*. Produced by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, P. & N., opened with an amateur union cast in Manhattan's 100-seat Labor Stage Theater, and to the garment workers' astonishment, it ran for four years. Now, once again, it seems to be a surprise hit. Columbia has brought out a 25th anniversary recording of the show's tunes, and the album is selling briskly (20,000 in the first three weeks) from the garment district to the Catskills—and even beyond.

The original *Pins and Needles* was, in fact, a product of the borscht school. Composer Harold (I Can Get It for You Wholesale) Rome, then an unknown tune peddler, was a member of the staff of a resort hotel when the I.L.G.W.U. heard of his talent for grinding out entertainment for the guests. He agreed to write songs for the union's review, and the next four years he turned out four different versions of *Pins and Needles*. The Columbia album is "a compendium of the best" from each edition.

To a modern listener, Composer Rome's lyrics and music remain smart, catchy and almost unfailingly appealing—but sometimes curiously askew—as if they belonged not only to a different generation but to a different age. Such songs as *One Big Union for Two* and *It's Better with a Union Man* ("Always be upon your guard/ Demand to see a union card") are almost echoes of history—as is Rome's jazzy *Do the Reactionary*:

*All the best dictators do it.  
Millionaires keep steppin' to it.  
The Four Hundred love to sing it.  
Ford and Morgan swing it . . .*

Much of *Pins and Needles*, however, is as timeless as good show music can be, and at its best Rome's 25-year-old sleeper is a match for any show album on the market. Certainly no album of the current season more timelessly defines the Wallflower's Lament.

*Nobody comes knocking at my front door.  
What do they think my knocker's for? . . .  
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?  
Nobody makes a pass at me . . .  
And the College Girl's Complaint is as fresh as last June's diploma.  
Once they gave me the honor seal,  
Now I stand up with pains in my feet . . .  
I used to be on the daisy chain;  
Now I'm a chain-store daisy . . .*

## EDUCATION

### Ready to Say No

Federal research money is flowing into U.S. universities and university-related laboratories at the rate of about \$1 billion a year—roughly one-quarter of their total income. One beneficial result is the “new life” stirring in university laboratories, says Harvard’s President Nathan M. Pusey in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. What worries Pusey (and other educators) is the danger of federal interference. Government agencies, warns Harvard’s chief, show “an increasing desire to say how things are to be done in laboratories, and who may or may not appear in them.”

A prickly instance is the “disclaimer affidavit”—a negative loyalty oath—that students must sign to get federal loans under the National Defense Education Act. Worse is the 15% ceiling on “indirect costs” incurred by universities conducting research under Government grants. In doing research for the National Institutes of Health, says Pusey, Harvard’s indirect costs are about 28.5% of direct costs. Last year it spent an extra \$1,000,000 out of its own pocket. Harvard and other universities are thus being forced to underwrite federal research.

Is the answer more federal money? Says Pusey: “We at Harvard do not want the Federal Government to take over financial responsibility for us. Far from it! Rather we are working as hard as we can to maintain our financial independence as the basic requirement for maintaining any independence at all.”

Harvard by no means wants to quit working for the Government, but, says Pusey, “we move into the relationship, on guard and wary, filled with suspicion ready to be helpful when we can, but at the same time eager to concede nothing

to our more powerful partner. We fear that at some future time our new associate may begin to make demands upon us inconsistent with the true character of an independent university. When that time comes—perhaps we should anticipate, when those repeated times come—we wish to be able, and we firmly intend, to say no.”

### Little Giant

Occidental College is an oak-and-eucalyptus oasis of Italian Renaissance buildings dotting a green hillside on the northeastern fringe of hurly-burly Los Angeles. Its campus is small (120 acres), and so is its coed student body (1,400). When the Ford Foundation bestowed its massive manna on liberal arts colleges last month, “Oxy’s” \$2,500,000 was the highest Ford grant west of the Mississippi. Why?

Among West Coast educators, the answer is simple. In a state long dominated by huge public colleges, Occidental has parlayed smallness, smart leadership and intellectual freedom into a warm, friendly spirit, first-rate teaching, and a taste for the experimental. Once considered to be a preserve for academically delicate youth from patrician Pasadena, Oxy has in fact long been especially strong in history, diplomacy and world affairs. It installed the first nuclear reactor (in 1958) for undergraduate teaching in Southern California, has such high pre-med standards that graduates are virtually assured of acceptance in medical schools of their choice.

**Goal of Greatness.** In 1960, Occidental men won two of the eleven Rhodes scholarships awarded in the West, plus ten Woodrow Wilson fellowships for prospective college teachers, the same number as giant U.C.L.A. Against stiffer competition

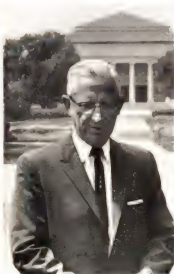
this year, Oxy got four more Wilson fellowships and another Rhodes (U.S. total: 32), the seventh in its history.

By Western standards, Oxy is a venerable institution of learning. It was founded 75 years ago by Los Angeles’ Presbyterian ministers, who gave it a lavish land-grant endowment, and grandly called it “Occidental University.” After land values collapsed and enrollment plunged to twelve, Oxy became a “college.” It survived a disastrous fire, and by 1905, the year when a poetic 18-year-old named Robinson Jeffers graduated, Oxy was solvent enough to dream of becoming “the Princeton of the West.”

That notion was scotched when women were admitted. But the goal of greatness persisted. Academic standards have been kept high: this year Oxy accepted fewer than half of its applicants, and it looked for more than good College Board test scores (the freshman mean: 615 out of a possible 800). More decisive were written essays and proof of intellectual curiosity. Instead of summer loafing, next fall’s incoming freshmen were busy last week perusing a list of prescribed books, from Edith Hamilton’s *The Greek Way* to *Western Civilization* and Calvin Hall’s *A Primer of Freudian Psychology* to William Golding’s *Lord of the Flies*.

Oxy now gets only half its students from Southern California, and it looks for the best without regard for class or race. This year’s senior president, for example, was a Negro. The result is a student body less feverishly cerebral than Reed’s, less sophisticated than Swarthmore’s, less social than Stanford’s—but one marked by a pervasive sense of concern.

**Effective Effulgence.** Occidental’s boss is veteran (since 1946) President Arthur G. Coons, 62, an Oxy alumnus (’20) and a Penn-educated economist. A noted educational statesman, Coons was chairman of the committee that worked out California’s new “Master Plan” for public



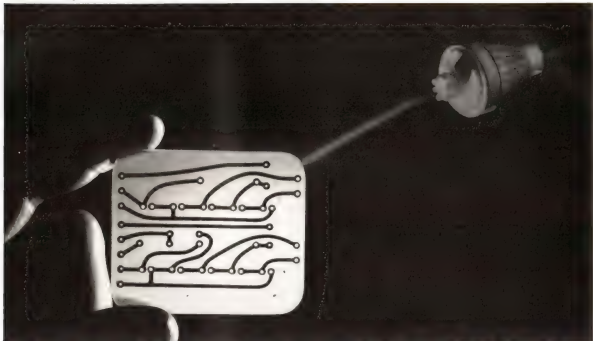
PRESIDENT COONS



OCCIDENTAL CAMPUS

A oak-and-eucalyptus oasis for a pervasive sense of concern.

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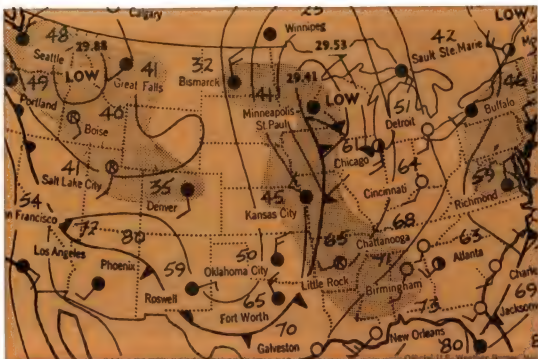


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# ITT

higher education—a plan for expansion that makes life more perilous than ever for California's private campuses, especially for those as small as Oxy.

Coons is unworried. Occidental is far from rich, though Coons has sharply raised its endowment, to \$8,000,000, boosted faculty salaries to an average \$8,400. But Coons counts on Oxy's charm and intimacy to attract able teachers and students. They prefer the small classes and lively questioning to the jammed lecture halls of U.C.L.A. and Berkeley. "Sometimes they call me the professor of effulgences around here," says Coons. "But our problem is not survival. The problem is at what level of effectiveness you are going to survive. The small, private college can have clear, definite goals. It can change and pioneer."

Oxy is doing just that. Next year it will go on a "three-three" schedule (patterned after Dartmouth's) to intensify teaching and banish trash courses. The plan: three eleven-week terms, with only three major courses per term. Professors need handle only two courses at a time, can prepare better for deeper learning at the tutorial level. "It's an attack on trivia," says Coons.

The goal is not more specialized "cliché scientists," buried in physics, but more "total human beings." Though the heyday of football is over, Occidental still turns out some fine athletes (e.g., Olympics Diver Sammy Lee). But what is getting more attention on Oxy's summer campus this week is the American Assembly conference discussing "The Secretary of State." The man who will keynote the debate once held the job himself: the Hon. Christian Herter.

## Love Those Guards

To the nervous Communist bosses of East Germany, teaching kids to be vigilant against "Western imperialist agents" is just as important as the alphabet or arithmetic. Latest evidence is a recent issue of *ABC Zeitung*, a magazine aimed at "Young Pioneers" aged six to eleven, which even includes a cutout cardboard model of an amphibious truck used by "our National People's Army." Best of all is a game called "On Guard for Peace." Like similar U.S. games, the idea is to roll dice and advance so many spaces on an illustrated board. But for the Communist schoolchildren, the heroes are all border guards armed with automatic weapons. The game's rewards and penalties:

1. Awake promptly; advance three spaces.
2. Healthful gymnastics; take another turn.
3. Boots badly shined; start over.
4. Greeted villagers cordially; advance five.
5. Guards relieved properly; take another turn.
6. Nail in boot, must remove it; lose a turn.
7. Sharp watch, border violator spotted! Advance five.
8. Border violator captured; advance to next telephone.
9. Must wade stream; lose a turn.
10. Praised for good guard service; take another turn.
11. Weapon kept ready for use; advance six spaces.
12. Helped a comrade to learn; advance three spaces.
13. Go promptly to bed; game is over.



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PUBLISHER NEWHOUSE ON WAY TO WORK  
With his office in his hand.

## The Newspaper Collector

[See Cover]

Oil derricks weathered under the southwestern sun; tramp steamers rusted in their harbor slips. But the visitor from New York heeded neither the heat nor the scenery. Samuel I. Newhouse, 67, had come to the Texas Gulf Coast port of Beaumont for only one reason—to run down a rumor that the city's two newspapers were for sale. Beyond that possibility, Beaumont held no charms for the little man from the big city. And when the rumor proved false, the visitor could not get out of town fast enough.

But Sam Newhouse's unopened checkbook smoldered in his briefcase. Buying newspapers is not only his chief pleasure; it is the purpose of his life. Surely there must be a paper for sale somewhere in the vicinity. On impulse, Sam headed for Houston. There he goggled at the sights: sleek Cadillacs schooling in the streets, glittering shops, new buildings all over the city, and more new buildings rising on nearly every block. A heady boomtown flavor hung in the humid air. Without pausing even to examine a copy of the *Post*, Houston's leading daily, Newhouse sought out its co-proprietor, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, and put in a magnificently reckless bid. Would she sell him the paper for, say, \$40 million cash? No, said Mrs. Hobby politely, she would not.

Disappointed a second time, Sam New-

house telephoned Newspaper Broker Allen Kander in Washington, D.C. He was down South. Where could he buy a newspaper? Try New Orleans, Kander suggested. Newhouse did. And just two weeks after that long-distance phone call, U.S. journalism's smallest publisher (5 ft. 3 in., 136 lbs.) closed the biggest deal in U.S. journalistic history. For \$42 million—more than three times what the Louisiana Territory cost the U.S. in 1803—Newhouse bought both of New Orleans' papers: the morning *Times-Picayune* (circ. 105,151 daily, 307,983 Sunday) and its evening companion, the *States-Item* (161,650).\*

The Louisiana purchase not only set a record but hoisted Sam Newhouse to the top of the heap. With 19 dailies having a combined daily and Sunday circulation of 5,700,000, he now owns, in whole or part, more newspapers than anyone else in the U.S.; he has one more than the Scripps-Howard chain, eight more than the shriveled empire governed by the descendants of William Randolph Hearst (although the circulation of Scripps-Howard and Hearst each exceeds that of the Newhouse papers). Nor does Newhouse's ascendancy

\* Second biggest deal: in 1950, Chicago *San-Times* Publisher Marshall Field Jr. paid \$12,064,610 for the Chicago *Daily News*. Newhouse actually paid \$43,500,000 for New Orleans (\$1,500,000 in brokers' fees), but since the deal included \$10,500,000 in negotiable U.S. Government securities owned by the papers, his net cost was \$33 million.

end there. Scripps-Howard, Hearst, and the whole U.S. newspaper field are contracting. Newhouse is still growing—at such an exponential rate that the price he paid for New Orleans is almost one-third the cost of all his other properties combined. Among the country's newspaper giants, Sam Newhouse seems to know best how to make daily newspapering pay.

"You Run It." He has successfully made money out of newspapers for 40 years. Beginning with the \$40,000 he invested in 1922 for a slice of the tiny, money-losing Staten Island *Advance*, he has spent some \$122 million collecting properties that now include not only his newspapers but three radio stations, six TV stations and two magazine publishing firms, a 66% interest in Condé Nast and Street & Smith. By conservative estimate, these possessions are worth \$250 million today. They produce a handsome annual gross in excess of \$125 million.

This solid-gold pyramid was erected by a man who knows nothing about the editorial end of journalism, and cares even less. To him, newspapers are "properties" usually identified by locale. "I just bought New Orleans," he told a friend after his Southern coup. Newhouse once had a chance to buy Israel's *Jerusalem Post*, but turned it down—thereby sparing his friends the observation, "I just bought Jerusalem." His properties are valued not by content but by readership. "It's a great paper," said Newhouse, after buying a minority interest in the Denver *Post* two years ago. "It has a circulation of 250,000." When he is moved to talk about the printed matter in his papers, Newhouse sounds like an atheist discussing the relative merits of Christianity and Buddhism.

In the strict sense, Newhouse does not publish newspapers, or even run them; he merely collects them, leaving editorial policy to the executive hands he inherited when he bought out their previous employers. "How do you want to operate?" Newhouse asked Jack Langhorne, publisher of the Huntsville, Ala., *Times*, after buying that paper in 1955. "Just like we've been operating," Langhorne replied. "O.K., Jack," said Newhouse. "You run it." It was the last command from Newhouse that Langhorne ever got.

All of Newhouse's editors and publishers enjoy the same unfettered freedom, and all of them exercise it at will. The boss never compliments an editor or reporter—lest silence the next time he be construed as censure. Newhouse's name appears on the masthead of only three of the 19 papers. He rarely reads any of them; the only paper delivered daily to his 13-room Park Avenue duplex in Manhattan is one he does not own (but wishes he did): the *New York Times*. Newhouse papers disagree not only with one another but with the proprietor. Newhouse himself favors integration, but not to the point of rebuking the publisher of his Birmingham, Ala., paper, the *News*, which is rabidly racist. A registered Democrat, Newhouse voted for Kennedy in 1960; eight of his papers endorsed Nixon.

Newhouse takes a special pride in the trulence of Syracuse *Herald-Journal* editor Alexander ("Casey") Jones, whose editorial positions rarely jibe with the boss's. Newhouse is partial to New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller ("The type you want in politics"), and on a recent visit to Syracuse he asked for Casey's opinion of Rocky's general performance. "I think it's silly," said Casey. "Oh, that's interesting," said Casey's employer mildly—and abandoned the subject.

"My Passion, My Delight." However gratifying Sam's laissez-faire attitude may be to his editors and publishers, outsiders either find it confusing or don't believe that it exists. The conventional picture of a chain publisher is of a man who uses his papers like a megaphone to extend the range of his own voice. Because Newhouse does not take a public stand on the issues of the day, because he does not force his personal convictions into his papers, because he has no interest more consuming than the solvency of his properties—and because he automatically becomes an "outsider" wherever he buys—he is frequently treated with suspicion and downright hostility. Upon learning that the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* had been sold to Newhouse, U.S. Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana complained to Publisher John F. Tims: "After all the time I've spent getting you people to understand me, now what do I have to do—start all over?"

Oregon's maverick U.S. Senator Wayne Morse considers Newhouse a national plague. "The American people," cried Morse, in a sulphurous 1960 speech from the Senate floor, "need to be warned before it is too late about the threat which is arising as a result of the monopolistic practices of the Newhouse interests." That same year, when Newhouse bought into two Springfield, Mass., dailies, Sidney R. Cook, treasurer and board member, promptly called the interloper "a menace" and "a graveyard superintendent" who "goes around picking up the bones—preying on widows and split families." Added Cook: "I can tell you this, Newhouse will never get into Springfield." Newhouse has not since set foot in the city.

The *New Yorker's* A. J. (The Wayward Pressman) Liebling, a self-appointed spare-time judge of journalistic transgressions, has bestowed on Newhouse the title of "journalistic chiffonnier"—a French word that means "ragpicker." While Newhouse was angling for Portland's evening daily, the *Oregon Journal* (he hooked it last year), David Eyre, then the *Journal's* managing editor, pointedly referred to him in print as Samuel ISIDOR Newhouse. ("Newhouse is indeed of Jewish descent, but his middle initial stands for nothing at all.") Last week, inspired in part by Newhouse's acquisition of New Orleans and in part by an ambition to make headlines. Democratic U.S. Representative Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn announced that the House Judiciary Committee would investigate newspaper monopolies—among them Sam Newhouse's—as soon as Congress adjourns.

**Early Chains.** As a "monopolist," Newhouse has to give considerable ground to the early U.S. chain builders. Beginning in the 1880s, and teaming with one partner or another, a onetime Rushville, Ill., farm boy named Edward Wyllis Scripps bought or started 52 dailies as well as a news agency (United Press) and various feature syndicates. Hearst, another prodigious newspaper buyer, acquired a total of 42 dailies, also had his own wire service (International News Service), a Sunday supplement (*American Weekly*), a kit bag of magazines, and even a film company (established mainly to produce star vehicles for his mistress). In 1933, with 27 papers, Hearst controlled 11.2% of U.S. daily circulation and nearly 20% on Sunday.

Observing such men, Frank A. Munsey, who was something of a chain welder himself, predicted in 1903 that "it will not be many years—five or ten perhaps—before the publishing business of this country will be done by a few concerns." Munsey's timing was off and his prophecy far too sweeping. But for a whole catalogue of reasons, U.S. newspapers have found it increasingly expedient to cut down competition for the sake of survival.

Economic pressures chopped even the giants to size. Hornblower Hearst was so vastly unconcerned with the balance sheet that his papers ran at a constant loss; in the early 1930s his empire nearly foundered in red ink. Only drastic pruning snatched him from financial ruin—and the trimming is still going on. Since the Chief's death, the Hearst organization has added only one paper (the Albany, N.Y., *Knickerbocker News*) while eliminating five—the last only last week, when

Hearst's 125-year-old Milwaukee *Sentinel* (circ. 192,899), weakened by a prolonged strike, was sold to the independent *Journal* (370,937). Scripps-Howard, too, has been forced to economize, has not added a link to the chain since 1956.

Newhouse's papers pay because his attention is riveted on the business side of newspapering. Alert for the smallest money-saving maneuver, quick to invest in new machinery when it promises to cut costs, he manages to make even sick papers pay—occasionally with a helping hand from luck. Shortly after selling the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* to Newhouse in 1955, Publisher E. Lansing Ray died, leaving the paper—and the surprised Newhouse—\$1,000,000 in life insurance.

In 1939, when he bought Syracuse's two evening papers, the *Herald* and the *Journal*, both were losing money—\$450,000 the year before. Overnight, Newhouse changed the loss to profit. To get full city coverage, Syracuse advertisers had been compelled to buy space in both evening papers, at a retail rate of 10¢ a line in each. Newhouse merged the two papers, retaining their best individual features. Then he raised the *Herald-Journal's* retail ad rate to 13¢ a line. Merchants responded to the bargain, and retail ad sales rose nearly \$1,000,000 the first year.

**Still Dropping.** But merging papers is only one of collectivization's many forms. Among small dailies, the tendency today is to form into an "intercity" paper—a single daily replacing two or more in neighboring towns. Today there are more than 70 such papers, some of them with sizable circulations: the *Herald-News*, serving Passaic and Clifton, N.J. (circ. 74,227); the San Gabriel Valley (Calif.)



PORTLAND "OREGONIAN" CITY ROOM  
And the figures in his head.

## NEWHOUSE NEWSPAPERS

Paper	Bought	Price	Today's Circulation
1. Staten Island Advance	1922-27	\$198,000	52,120
2. Long Island Press	1932	750,000	299,848
3. Newark Star-Ledger	1935-42	805,000	226,669
4. Long Island Star-Journal	1937-38	400,000	98,964
5. Syracuse Herald-Journal	1939	1,900,000	131,617
6. Syracuse Post-Standard	1941-44	1,300,000	99,075
7. Jersey Journal	1945-47	4,250,000	94,003
8. Harrisburg Patriot	1948	3,300,000	41,873
9. Harrisburg News			76,556
10. Portland Oregonian	1950	5,600,000	212,569
11. St. Louis Globe-Democrat	1955	6,250,000	306,470
12. Birmingham News	1955	18,642,000	189,723
13. Huntsville Times			33,460
14. Denver Post	1960	3,600,000*	271,758
15. Springfield Union	1960	4,000,000**	87,791
16. Springfield News			102,214
17. Portland Oregon Journal	1961	8,000,000	147,305
18. New Orleans Times-Picayune			175,151
19. New Orleans States-Item	1962	42,000,000	163,650

\* 20%.

\*\* 85%.

*Tribune* in West Covina spreads its 52,132 circulation over seven neighboring towns.

In larger cities, editorially competitive morning and evening papers sometimes cut costs by sharing the same mechanical plant, the same advertising, circulation and distribution departments. Frequently, the stronger of two papers in a big city buys the weaker one out—a device that Newhouse has used many times. William Randolph Hearst Jr., editor in chief of the Hearst papers, has estimated that if a competitive morning and evening paper each clears \$100,000 in annual profit, under the same management they net not \$200,000 a year but \$500,000. Hearst is presently testing this formula in San Francisco, where his morning paper, the *Examiner*, last June bought out Scripps-Howard's interest in the city's only evening paper, the *News-Call Bulletin*.

As the economics of existence continues to clamp down on U.S. newspapers, combining into chains seems the surest chance for survival. Fifty years ago, the eight U.S. newspaper groups then in existence controlled 10% of total daily circulation. Today there are 118 chains, with a combined circulation of 27.4 million—almost half the total daily circulation in the U.S. (59,200,000). Since chains not only stifle competition but kill newspapers (generally by merger), their effect has been dramatic. From a high-water mark of 2,461 daily papers in 1916, the number has steadily fallen, to 1,760 today. It is still dropping. Daily newspaper competition has all but disappeared. It survives in only 60 of the country's 5,911 cities—and in two-thirds of these the competition is token, i.e., between morning and afternoon papers.

**No Need for Two.** The gradual decline in the chorus of political voices, the equalizing effect of the big wire services, whose

international coverage appears—often verbatim—in nearly every U.S. daily, the glacial growth of syndicated features and columnists, and even the steadily rising per-copy cost of newspapers have all combined to help winnow the ranks. Newsmagazines have cut heavily into newspaper readership. So has TV, which, from a dead start around 1948, now absorbs some 14% of every advertising dollar—and five hours daily of the average televisioner's leisure time.

Says the nation's University of Minnesota Journalism Professor Raymond B. Nixon, who has made a study of the trend toward press monopoly: "The newspapers have changed their roles since the rise of monopolies and chains. They are not regarded today as primarily political mouthpieces." Today's reader, says Nixon, "buys newspapers for information and expects both sides of political questions. When newspapers started doing this, the need for reading two newspapers disappeared."

The nation's press, always provincial in character, has become even more so. The metropolitan daily must bid for its readers not only against newsmagazines and TV, but against the suburban press—which has expanded in almost exact proportion to the contraction of the big-city press. Even one-note chains have come to recognize that each link must be deeply embedded in local affairs. Newhouse recognized this from the start. "The heart and essence of the Newhouse formula is strong local management," says Philip Hochstein, 53, who joined the Newhouse organization in 1927 and is now editorial consultant to all the papers. "The Newhouse group goes all the way from the neighborhood paper to the regional paper, but it stops there."

**The Right Time.** Shrewd as he is in his chosen business, Samuel I. Newhouse was cast by accident in the role of newspaper

collector: he just happened to appear at the right time, with the right price and an insatiable appetite to buy. Only chance determined that what he bought was newspapers.

As the oldest of eight children born, on May 24, 1895, to Meyer and Rose Fatt Newhouse, young Sam almost missed childhood altogether—so did most of the young Newhouses. Father Meyer, a Russian Jew who migrated to Bayonne, N.J., before completing his rabbinical training, was a man of many miseries. He never succeeded in lifting his family above wretched poverty. Frail and asthmatic, the unhappy Talmud scholar worked occasionally in a factory, making suspender ends, but everybody had to pitch in. Mother Newhouse sold drygoods door to door: Norman, one of Sam's three brothers, was set to peddling papers at the age of five.

When Sam was 13, his father's health failed, and by the rigid seniority rules governing the Newhouse clan, the oldest male child took over as head of the family. Sam's qualifications for this office were fewer than his years: a grammar-school education at Bayonne's P.S. 7, plus whatever acumen he had absorbed in a business course in Manhattan (to save the 3¢ ferry fare, young Newhouse toted newspaper bundles across the Hudson River in both directions). Before leaving New Jersey for more arid climates, Father Newhouse introduced his son to Hyman Lazarus, a police-court magistrate who also practiced law on the top floor of the Bayonne *Times*.

One disbelieving look at his new clerk and the judge scaled Sam's salary to size—nothing at all the first month, then \$2 a week. But what Sam lacked in stature he more than made up in drive. He spent his nights studying law in Newark, was admitted to the bar a week after his 21st birthday. After that, he actually tried—and lost—a case. (Chagrined by defeat, Newhouse doled out of his own pocket the \$80 damages that his client had sought in court. Today he is convinced that the jury was fixed.)

**"Take Care of It."** But luck had already taken Newhouse away from the law. As payment on a bad debt, Judge Lazarus had picked up a 51% interest in the Bayonne *Times*, an anemic daily with 3,000 fickle subscribers (they kept defecting to Bayonne's other papers). Lazarus entrusted the paper to a succession of managers, all of whom failed dismally to make the paper pay. In 1912, Lazarus bodily evicted the last of these, Octavius Roy Cohen, who had spent most of his working hours courting the girls at the Bayonne Opera House next door. "Sammy," said Lazarus to his little law clerk, "go down and take care of the paper until we get rid of it." Newhouse was barely 17.

Before the judge could dispose of the *Times*, however, Newhouse had it running in the black. No particular magic was involved. With the common-sense shrewdness that has served him ever since, Newhouse followed the sensible premise

that he and the Bayonne *Times* could learn a trick or two from the big-city press. He studied the display ads in Manhattan papers, then spent long hours in Bayonne stores, helping their owners to map merchandising campaigns. The city burst out in a rash of special sales, many of them the handiwork of Sam Newhouse—and all of them, naturally, advertised in the Bayonne *Times*.

**Together.** Gratified and impressed, Judge Lazarus made no objection when Newhouse asked for a cut of the paper's take instead of salary—a move that eventually meant \$20,000 a year to Sam while he was still in his early 20s. Nor did the judge protest when Newhouse loaded the payroll with kin. As Sam expanded, this nepotism amounted to infestation. At one time, Newhouse employed five dozen relatives, although death, weddings and other forms of attrition have materially trimmed the list.

But the Newhouse empire still abounds with Newhouses and in-laws. Brother Theodore, 58, is officially associate publisher of the Newhouse papers, regularly visits the Newhouse properties in Birmingham and Portland, Ore. Brother Norman, 56, is the sole official scanner of the Newhouse papers. He also serves as editor of the Long Island *Press*. Newhouse's two sons are being groomed for succession. Samuel I. Jr., 34, is currently watch-dogging his father's magazine interests. Donald, 32, accompanies Pop on some of his trips, also oversees the *Jersey Journal* in Jersey City.

Bayonne clearly was not big enough either for Sam's talents or for his numerous tribe. In 1922, by passing the hat among the family and by coaxing \$49,000 from the judge, he raised \$98,000 for a controlling interest in the Staten Island *Advance*. It was Bayonne all over again: a sickly property suddenly cured of its ills. Just three years later, Newhouse bought out his partner (although the judge kept the Bayonne *Times*, which is still owned by his son Herman), and by 1927 he had chased down the last stray share of *Advance* stock. Sam Newhouse now owned a newspaper. The pyramid had begun.

**Leaping a Continent.** Slowly, Newhouse accumulated the capital on which to grow. He dislikes borrowing from out-

siders, has done so rarely: to help him buy the Birmingham *News* and the Huntsville *Times*—\$8,500,000 on an eight-year note, which Newhouse retired in three years—again this year, when New York's Chemical Bank New York Trust Co. lent him about \$20 million toward the purchase of New Orleans.

Seven years passed before Newhouse felt sufficiently provident to buy his second paper. In 1932 he paid \$750,000 for 51% of the Long Island *Press* (later he got it all) in Jamaica, L.I., which was part of the Ridder newspaper chain. After that the pace quickened and prices soared: \$3,200,000 for three papers in Syracuse (Sam reduced them to two), \$3,500,000 for Harrisburg, Pa., \$5,600,000 for the Portland *Oregonian* in 1950 (see box). With Portland, Sam Newhouse's newspaper ménage, until then clustered in the East, spanned the continent. And for the first time, the shy little man from Bayonne began to attract national attention. Not all of this was favorable.

**"I Can Wait."** Each fresh Newhouse invasion met with stiff local opposition and generated heated arguments about the purity of his motives, his methods, and his influence on U.S. journalism. When Newhouse bought a part of the Denver *Post* from the daughter of one of the paper's founders, the other daughter took immediate steps to lock him out. "I can wait," said Newhouse, who is never content with less than all of anything he buys.

Fellow publishers seldom speak cordially of Sam. "All he's interested in," says a Chicago colleague, "is the cash register. I don't think he gives a damn about the papers: he just treats them like so many hardware stores. For any publisher you respect, any of those who deeply love journalism, Sam Newhouse would be the last person to sell a paper to." To Eugene Pulliam, who owns nine newspapers in Indiana and Arizona (the Indianapolis *Star* and *News*, Phoenix *Arizona Republic*), making money in newspapering is "secondary." Says Pulliam: "There's a spiritual quality to journalism. I still believe a publisher ought to run his paper personally and stand up and have his say. If you just want to make money, you ought to be in the bond business." Pulliam has his conservative say, and his papers also earn a liberal profit.



BROTHERS NORMAN & TED NEWHOUSE  
Five dozen relatives on the payroll.

**Monopoly's Virtues.** But such critics miss the crucial point: Newhouse is not the cause, he is merely a symptom of the trend toward monopoly. Nor does everyone agree that press monopolies are necessarily evil. The census of dailies has declined, but daily readership has risen steadily from 27.7 million (26% of the population) in 1920 to more than 50 million (31%) today.

Says Barry Bingham, editor and publisher of Louisville's two dailies, the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*: "A monopoly even has some compensating virtues, such as reducing the danger of pressure from advertisers on matters of policy, and banishing the temptation to sensationalize stories and headlines for the sake of sales." Furthermore, says Bingham, there is still plenty of competition around—from news-magazines, radio and television, all of which "now share the news function and to an increasing extent, the editorial function." Many papers, in fact, have joined the competition by buying TV stations of their own.

**Good, Bad, Indifferent.** Still, Newhouse is vulnerable to valid criticism. If he has not debased the quality of U.S. journalism, he has not notably improved it either. Most of his papers are editorially as good, bad or indifferent as when he bought them. The Portland *Oregonian*, which won a Pulitzer Prize before Newhouse took it over, has since won another. The merits of the Staten Island *Advance* were negligible in 1922, and still are.

One notable exception is the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which has vastly improved since Newhouse picked it up for \$6,250,000 in 1955. The directly responsible party, however, is not Sam, but Publisher Richard H. Amberg, whom Newhouse sent down from Syracuse.

A man with Chamber of Commerce enthusiasms, Amberg took over a paper that in his words, was a "bowl of Jell-O," and gave it both form and a vivid personality. Today, the once loftily global-minded *Post-Dispatch* is fully aware that it has a hometown competitor.

Fact is, Monopolist Sam Newhouse has probably done journalism more good than harm. Along with his intrusion into a city, for example, goes the pledge, implied but never yet broken, that the papers he buys will stay alive—and healthy. "When I bought the *Advance*," says Newhouse, "there were two papers in Staten Island



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five in Queens. Now the only papers in those places are the three that I own. I've got more circulation around New York—765,000—than the New York Times, Harrisburg and Syracuse were sick papers—they would have folded. Newark was in bankruptcy. St. Louis was offered to Ridder and to Jack Knight [of the Knight newspaper group], and they turned it down. If I hadn't bought it, St. Louis would be a one-newspaper town. What is the measure of what is good for the newspaper business?"

**The Capitalist.** Long years of experience, together with some coaching from the public-relations firm he hired after buying Portland, have taught Newhouse to project a better image in public. But he does not understand his antagonists. He is basically an uncomplicated man, whose reasons for acquiring new properties can sometimes sound whimsical ("I

the Birmingham News: "If he walked through the building this afternoon, he wouldn't be known to more than eight or ten people."

His day, when he is home in Manhattan, begins at 7:45, when he steps into his 1959 Cadillac limousine. "Long Island City, John," he says to his chauffeur, or "Jamaica, John"—and off they go. There is little variance to his rounds. Mondays and Tuesdays are spent in and around his various New York haunts, with one lunch reserved for Iva Patcévitch, president of Condé Nast; Tuesdays take Sam to Syracuse by overnight train, and home again by air on Wednesdays; every other Thursday he takes a plane to St. Louis; every other Friday a plane to Harrisburg.

Casual as the routine may seem, it is by no means perfunctory. "I remember the first time he came to Portland," says Oregonian Managing Editor Robert C. Not-



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Now arbiters of style employ models in her size.

was attracted to it"). He bought Condé Nast mostly as a 35th wedding anniversary present for his wife Mitzi, who attended New York's Parsons School of Design and lives in a whirl of high fashion. "Sam Newhouse never pretended to be a public benefactor," says Phil Hochstein. "He doesn't claim to be with the people. He's a capitalist." Brother Ted has said that Newhouse's business could just as easily have been shoe factories, and in confessional moments Sam agrees.

Capitalist Newhouse rules his barony with deceptive informality. He has no office in any of his plants; that function is filled by a thick briefcase packed with what Newhouse calls "problems"—unfinished business. He keeps track of his assorted properties by periodic visits, and since there are so many properties, Newhouse by necessity leads a peripatetic life. Even in his own news rooms, Sam Newhouse wears the cloak of anonymity. Says Clarence Hanson Jr., publisher of

son, "I made a statement about our circulation in Clark County, Wash. Newhouse asked me for the exact figures. As I stalled for time, he said, 'Never mind. Here's what the facts are.' And recited them out of his head." In Syracuse, if the weather is good, Newhouse walks through the heart of town, attended by respectful aides, as he makes his way from the Herald-Journal to the Post-Standard. "How is retail business going?" he asks. "What is being built on that site over there? That vacant store—what kind of business moved out?" By the time he enters the Post-Standard building, Newhouse has deftly and accurately taken the city's business pulse.

**Not Gregarious.** Newhouse has long since lost interest in accumulating wealth. The \$350,000 annual salary that he pays himself could be met solely by the profits

© Sam Samuel L. Jr., Son Donahue—wife Sue, Newhouse; Mrs. Newhouse; Donahue.



of his first paper, the *Staten Island Advance* (circ. 52,120). And, as is the case with so many wealthy men, Newhouse's tastes are not extravagant. Besides the Park Avenue apartment, whose gold-and-beige décor has been described as "nouveau-awesome," he owns "Greenlands," a comfortable country house on 140 acres in Harborton, N.J., where he takes pleasure in informing first-time visitors that the father of the previous owner of the estate invented the flush toilet.

The years have treated him kindly. His curly hair is running to grey, but his pink face is unlined and glowing with health. He walks briskly, like a man 15 years his junior. He watches his weight ("Our family has a tendency to blow up"); steaks, fruits and non-fattening desserts dominate his diet, but he is unmindful of the calorie content of Scotch on the rocks.

Sometimes he plays nine holes of golf at the Green Acres Country Club near Harborton—but usually alone, because companions upset him and throw him off his game. The Newhouses are inveterate Broadway first nighters, and, in season, they go to the opera every Monday. Although Mitzi schedules three or four social evenings a month, her husband is not gregarious. One of his closest friends is Gossip Columnist Leonard Lyons—but Lyons is under gentle order never to mention Newhouse in print.

But diffident as he is, behind a façade of poised and meticulous politeness Sam Newhouse does not quite conceal an oversupply of nervous energy. He characteristically sits on the edge of a chair; and he has the attitude of a man who is just about to dash for a train. He is a chronic door opener and reacher-for-the-check. He generally keeps several \$100 bills in his wallet so that he can pay cash for the dinner tab wherever he eats.

Once a year the Newhouses fly to Europe, where Mitzi, in her new capacity as wife of the proprietor of Condé Nast, makes the rounds of the fashion houses and takes a certain satisfaction in the fact that the arbiters of style now employ models in her size (which is 31). Within three weeks her husband is bored and they go home.

**The Habit.** Newhouse himself has difficulty articulating his purpose in life. He just goes on buying newspapers, simply because that is what he has been doing most of his life. Whatever his motives, the pyramid he built is in no danger of demolition. To perpetuate it, Newhouse established a charitable foundation in 1945 whose ten shares of voting stock will go equally, on his death, to his two sons. "I'm very hardboiled about the boys," Newhouse says. "I've built this thing up and I'm not going to let it go to pieces."

That at least seems certain. A chronic insomniac, who props his head on three down pillows, Newhouse spends the dark hours looking back over 40 years and ahead to however many years are left. "I just toss and wonder what paper I'll buy tomorrow," he says. "I'm not tired. But the nights are awfully long."

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## RELIGION

### Pilgrim of the Future

Like James Joyce or Sigmund Freud the late Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Jesuit priest and paleontologist, has become an inescapable intellectual presence of the age. Until, and even after, his death in 1955, the Vatican forbade the publication of his nonscientific works, largely because he accepted evolution as the key to human history. In the eyes of Rome, Teilhard remains a near heretic. Last month the Holy Office issued a solemn warning for religious superiors "to guard souls, especially of the young, against the dangers contained in the works of Father Teilhard de Chardin and his followers."

Teilhard hoped to get his ideas published but, as a good Jesuit, obeyed when Rome said no. Nevertheless, manuscript copies of his works filtered into scholarly French circles. To the dismay of the Vatican, an international committee of intellectuals—including Biologist Sir Julian Huxley and Historian Arnold Toynbee—has posthumously sponsored publication of his major works. Teilhard, who was known in his lifetime as one of the discoverers of the Peking Man, thought of himself as "a pilgrim of the future," and his reputation continues to grow: a museum in Paris bears his name, more than 200 monographs and 30 books have been written about him since his death, and last month 40 top European scholars gathered in Venice for a seminar to discuss his ideas.

Just published in the U.S. is the latest product of the Teilhard industry. Circumspectly edited by his cousin, Claude Aragonnes, Father Teilhard's *Letters from a Traveller* (Harper; \$4) contains a smattering of the vast correspondence he carried on with friends and relatives—often from archaeological campsites in such spots as the Gobi desert. Unlike his metaphysical masterwork *The Phenomenon of Man* (TIME, Dec. 14, 1959) or his mystical treatise on *The Divine Milieu* (TIME, Feb. 10, 1961), Teilhard's letters are largely free of neologisms, contain wise and witty comments on a world he clearly loved, and clearly saw *sub specie aeternitatis*. A sampling of Teilhardisms:

ON GOD: Today human activity as a whole is faced by the problem of God; it is a problem that can be approached only in the total effort of human research and experience. It is not only that God gives lasting value to the human effort, but also that his revelation is a response to the sum total of that effort.

ON BUSINESS: 'How,' you ask, 'can the success of a commercial enterprise bring with it moral progress?' And I answer:

In this way, that since everything holds together in a world which is on the way to unification, the spiritual success of the universe is bound up with the correct functioning of every zone of that universe and particularly with the release of every possible energy in it. Because your undertaking is going well, a little more health



JESUIT TEILHARD DE CHARDIN  
Rome still says no.

is being spread in the human mass, and in consequence a little more liberty to act, to think and to love.

ON THE SOVIET UNION (written in 1950): In the end, it is Russia that is becoming public enemy No. 1. The danger in that quarter would appear to be... the formation of a national group, hostile, watertight, completely ignorant of what lies outside itself, and so incapable of being included in the far-reaching combination of a mankind we need.

ON CHRISTMAS IN MANHATTAN: Fir trees covered in lights are ranged all along Park Avenue; the big stores have flesh and blood Santa Claus at their entrances; and the counters are besieged by customers buying presents for one another. You can't distinguish where shrewd commercial advertising ends and where emotional spirituality begins.

ON THE FUTURE: It seems obvious to me that the moment has come when mankind is going to be divided (or will have to make the choice) between faith and nonfaith in the earth's collective spiritual progress. I feel resolutely determined to devote myself by all possible means to the defense of the idea of the reality of a progress against every secular or religious pessimism.

ON THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE: I feel how much the exploration of the earth in itself fails to bring any light or point out any solution to the most fundamental questions. And I know, too, that the wider the problem seems to grow before my eyes, the more clearly I see that its solution can only be sought in a faith beyond all experience.

ON OPTIMISM: I can see more distinctly how much my interior life is dominated by these twin peaks: an unbounded faith in Our Lord, as animator of the world;

and a clear-eyed faith in the world (particularly the world of man) as animated by God. I feel that my mind is made up to declare myself a 'believer' in the future of the world in spite of appearances, in spite of a false orthodoxy that confuses progress and materialism, change and liberalism, the perfecting of man and naturalism. My sole ambition is to leave behind me the mark of a logical life, directed wholly towards the grand hopes of the world.

### Missionary to Moscow

Roman Catholics have had an American priest in Moscow off and on for several years, but at no time since the U.S. recognized the Soviet Union in 1933 has there been a permanent Protestant pastor to minister to the tiny (now 280) American colony in Russia's capital. Believers among the Protestant diplomats and journalists have had to be satisfied with the lay readings once a week at the British embassy, or await the monthly arrival of an Anglican priest from nearby Helsinki.

Last week the National Council of Churches announced that a Protestant chaplain at last has been assigned to the post. He is the Rev. Donald Roberts, 35, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Tonawanda, N.Y. Pastor Roberts will take his wife and seven-month-old daughter to Moscow, although there is no more assurance than ever that the Kremlin will resolve the "administrative" difficulties that have kept the Protestants out all these years. In other words, Roberts will have no church at all in Moscow. When the flock arrives on Sundays, it will meet in the front parlor of the apartment where he and his family live.

### Fun on the Steeple

The pride of Holland's city of Arnhem is a sturdy 11th century Gothic structure called the Eusebius Church. Badly damaged during World War II, this Dutch Reformed church has gradually been rebuilt in strict accordance to medieval style. But when Architect Theo Verlaan came

along to rebuild the steeple, things changed fast.

One of Verlaan's assistants was a sculptor named Hendrik Vreeling. Last winter he began to think about the gargoyles that Verlaan had planned to surround the steeple at the 230-foot mark. Why not, Vreeling suggested, have a little fun with the job by imitating the medieval builders and carving some unconventional gargoyles? Great idea, replied Verlaan. He suggested something "eternal"—comic strip characters, perhaps. The delighted sculptor went off to work, within three months hacked out 23 stone figures copied from the cartoons of Hollywood's Walt Disney and from a popular Dutch cartoonist named Maarten Toonder. Among his figures were Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, the wisest of the Three Little Pigs, and a Big (six feet tall) Bad Wolf.

Up went the steeple, gargoyles and all, until a local paper reported the startling innovations. Then everyone awoke in alarm. "A sculptor who lets himself be inspired by the pitiful figure of Donald Duck is to be pitied himself," fumed the Rev. G. C. Foeken, one of the preachers at Eusebius Church, who had not heard about the lofty figures until the papers arrived. The Netherlands Christian Women's Association of Arnhem, 800 strong, demanded that town officials defend the "dignity of the steeple."

Soon all of Arnhem, and half of Holland, was talking about the gargoyles. Cartoonist Toonder wrote in to suggest that his copyright was being infringed. At last report, no protest had arrived from Disney, and Arnhem's burgomaster thought the affair more funny than vulgar. Go right ahead, he told Verlaan after trudging topside for a look. That was just enough to spur Sculptor Vreeling on to greater artistic heights. Not far from Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, Vreeling is happily at work carving another stone figure: a dragon peeping out from a mushroom-shaped cloud. The dragon's face is unmistakably that of the enraged Pastor Foeken.



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only 21%—the lowest average for any country in the world. As a result, our consumer has more to spend on his other interests. Each week LIFE provides great coverage of these other interests, and also helps to make a better shopper out of the breadwinner. The colorful advertisements in LIFE introduce him to packages he must recognize by their color and design in the store. And the brands he sees in LIFE, the family's favorite magazine, are likely to be popular shopping selections with the whole family. LIFE, in short, is the magazine to help marketing vice presidents take charge.

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# U.S. BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS High-Level Stagnation

For the U.S. economy it was a week when solid accomplishment was overshadowed by unsettling portents.

More and more of the indicators that businessmen watch for a clue to the shape of things to come were leveling off—a phenomenon that characteristically indicates that a period of recovery is coming to an end and a period of recession lies a few months ahead. The industrial production index in June barely managed to inch its way up from May's 117.5 to 117.8. June's \$700 million increase in total personal income was the smallest for any month since January, and factory workers' income actually declined by \$200 million. The gross national product, which had been expected to be zinging along at an annual rate of better than \$65 billion by June, rose only \$7 billion in the second quarter to a disappointing \$53 billion. Only in Detroit did the prospects look continually bright: although auto sales



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New proof for an old rule: it pays to be well-informed.

► Du Pont's second-quarter sales of \$631 million were the highest in its history, and its earnings rose to \$2.52 per share, vs. \$2.15 last year. Du Pont is starting a \$50 million program to expand its nylon plants.

► Sounding a sour note that is likely to be echoed by some other steel producers—YOUNGSTOWN SHEET & TUBE reported that its second-quarter earnings were down to \$1.28 per share from \$1.32 per share a year ago.

► TEXACO's profits rose 14.3% above last year to 82¢ a share, to the oil company record first-half earnings of \$1.73 a share. STANDARD OIL OF CALIFORNIA also profited from bigger crude oil and natural gas sales to boost its first-half earnings 5% to \$2.25 a share.

► For the 15th consecutive quarter, the MAGNAVOX Co. reported both sales and profits up. This time, Magnavox's gross rose 50% over last year's level, to \$44.5 million, while its profits jumped a whopping 62% to \$1,850,000.

**Moderation's Cost.** Perhaps the economy is in fact flattening out in preparation for the next downturn. Perhaps, too, as some economists have suggested the U.S. has been so successful in moderating the ups and downs of the business cycle that its economy has lapsed into a state of semi-stagnation. If so, it is, in the phrase increasingly heard around Washington, high-level stagnation.



## WALL STREET

### How the Funds Fared

To skeptical Wall Streeters, the impressive growth achieved by mutual funds during the postwar era was always flawed by the fact that in the Great Bull Market of the 1950s it supposedly took real talent to lose money. Not until this year's seven-month market drop, climaxed by the Blue Monday crash, did the fund managers really get a chance to demonstrate how well they could perform in a shift from a major bull market to a major bear market.

How did the funds fare? In general, just so-so. Taken as a whole, the nation's 200 odd mutual funds went into 1962 with \$23 billion in assets, and by the end of last week were down to \$19.1 billion. Their overall drop of 17.3% was less than the 21% decline of the Dow-Jones industrial average in the same period, but was no better than the performance achieved by many a well-informed individual investor.

**A Matter of Mix.** Just as some individual investors did better than others in the crash, so did some funds. Best performers were the ultraconservative funds that attempt to ensure a steady dividend income by concentrating their holdings in bonds and high-yield stocks. Thus Boston's Incorporated Income Fund fell only 9.4% and the K-1 fund operated by the Keystone Custodian Fund dropped only 8.2%. The balanced funds that try to strike a happy medium between income and growth also showed up considerably better on the whole than the Dow-Jones average. Assets of Investors Mutual, the world's largest fund, which is managed by Minneapolis Investors Diversified Services, were cut only 11.3% by the crash. Explains Mrs. Ruth Axe, president of New York's Axe-Houghton Funds, whose balanced Fund A is off only 14.8%: "We had stocks of better earnings ratios which were less vulnerable."

Predictably, the most vulnerable of the funds proved to be those specializing in growth stocks. The growth fund of Massachusetts Investors Trust was toppled 26.6%. Keystone's S-4 fund 31%, and



were unseasonably low in June. Ford, Chevrolet and Rambler all reported uncommonly high sales for the first ten days of July.

**Long on Shorts.** Disconcerted by the overall news, the stock market—itsself a leading indicator of sorts—slipped happily downward. Despite a feeble rally toward week's end, it closed on Friday with the Dow-Jones industrial average at 577.18, a loss of more than 14 points for the week. From the New York Stock Exchange came news that the number of shares borrowed by short sellers had risen by mid-July to the highest level (5,159,000 shares) in nearly four years. This was a sure sign that many Wall Streeters were betting that the market is going down farther, since it indicated that they expect to pay the borrowed shares back at lower prices.

So engrossed were the economic pundits in these disquieting developments, that less notice was paid to the daily outpouring of second-quarter earnings reports from the nation's corporations. These, for the most part, were overwhelmingly good. Items

► GENERAL MOTORS' sales of \$4 billion and earnings of \$402 million (equal to \$1.41 per share) were the highest ever reported by any U.S. manufacturing corporation for a single quarter.



I.D.S.'s Investors Stock Fund 23.7%. Funds that bet everything on one or two industries also came off more poorly than the Dow-Jones average. Boston's Century Shares Trust, which grew faster last year than any other mutual fund by concentrating on insurance and bank stocks, dropped 23.2%. Chemical Fund was off 25.7%. Energy Fund 25.7%. Atomic Physics & Science Fund 26.8%, and Electronics Investment Corp. 32.8%.

**Gross Roots People.** So far, the shock waves of Blue Monday do not seem to have significantly weakened investor confidence in mutual funds. Though total mutual fund sales dropped from \$292 million in May to \$219 million in June, redemptions of fund shares fell during the same period from \$121 million to \$107 million.

One reason for this, suggests Investors Diversified Services Vice President Donald E. Meads, is that the principal customers of the funds are "grass roots people. They don't have ticker tapes running through their living rooms, so they are less likely to get swept up in panic." And George Whitney, a trustee of Massachusetts Investors Trust, believes that in the long run Blue Monday may have the same effect on the funds as the 1937 downturn—which produced a 13% sales gain for M.I.T. If nothing else, however, the post-crash performance of the mutuals should serve as a reminder to investors that a careful study of the track record is just as necessary in buying fund shares as in buying common stocks.

## INSURANCE

### Boom in Bloomington

In most respects, Bloomington, Ill. (pop. 36,800), is a typical bustling Midwestern market city. The one thing that makes Bloomington a bit different from the run-of-the-mill county seat is the presence of its largest employer, the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. This week State Farm will report that its premium income for the first half of this year was up nearly 11% to \$281 million, and that in May the company signed up its seven millionth policyholder. All this handily helped State Farm hold its rank as the world's largest automobile insurance company.

Despite its big-time business, State Farm glories in the corn-and-cows atmosphere into which it was born in 1922. Though it operates in 50 states and Canada, the company has never considered moving its headquarters out of Bloomington, and all but one of its twelve directors still live in surrounding McLean County. State Farm executives have strong families: Board Chairman Adlai H. Rust, 70, and President Edward B. Rust, 43, are father and son, and Vice President Herbert L. Mecherle is the son of Founder George Jacob Mecherle. After World War II, when State Farm decided to decentralize its sales and claim work among 18 regional offices, it spotted most of its new branches in small cities and towns, too. Explains Ed Rust, a neighborhood sort: "These are the kind of places where I would want to raise my kids."



EDWARD & ADLAI RUST  
Skating in the small cities.

**"Do You Skate?"** Small-town living is one of the traditions inherited from Founder Mecherle, who until his death in 1951 was known in Bloomington as "The Chief." A farmer whose family settled in McLean County in 1857, Mecherle started selling auto insurance to neighbors shortly after World War I, soon discovered that the companies whose policies he peddled either ignored farmers or charged them the same rates as city drivers, whose accident rate is higher. When Mecherle suggested changes, he was told: "If you don't like the way we do things, go start your own company." So he did.

State Farm's early offices were in a back room of the county farm bureau building. As business increased, the company put up its own office building, but soon over-

flowed that into a funeral parlor, a ballroom and a warehouse. At one point, operations were so scattered that Mecherle hired the members of a roller derby that had gone broke in Bloomington and set them to delivering interoffice mail on roller skates. For years afterward, State Farm personnel applications included the question: "Do you roller-skate, and how well?"

**30% OFF.** Mecherle had a revolutionary approach to insurance. By choosing customers among farmers and good-risk professions and charging "membership fees" to cover initial policy costs, he was able to scale as much as 30% off conventional auto insurance premiums. He insisted that his agents work only for State Farm, but in return, the company took over all their paperwork and payments collections; the arrangement left the agents free to sell, and has cut State Farm's expenses-to-earned-premiums ratio to 19.1%, second best in the industry after Liberty Mutual's 17.4%.

Today, as a result, State Farm insures one U.S. private passenger car in eight, has created subsidiary life, fire and accident companies that last year added \$87 million in premium income. The \$5,000,000 annual rental that State Farm pays for the computers to handle its paperwork makes it one of IBM's biggest customers.

**The Other Seven.** Though this summer marks its 40th anniversary, State Farm is all but ignoring the fact, instead has its eye firmly fixed on harvests to come. The race to write automobile insurance is more and more a battle between two giants, State Farm and Sears. Roebuck's Allstate. Allstate narrowed the gap in the late 1950s, but State Farm has pulled ahead again recently, last year collected \$43 million more in premiums than Allstate. For 1970, State Farm has set a goal of 11 million policyholders, and to achieve it intends to increase its agent force from 8,000 to 11,000. Says President Ed Rust with a smile: "We want those seven out of eight passenger cars we still don't insure."

## THE ECONOMY

### The Problem of Inventories

Among the forces that buffet the U.S. economy, few have preoccupied economists more than the way in which U.S. merchants and manufacturers manage their inventories. Fortnight ago, the errant ways of inventory buyers came under the cold eye of the Joint Congressional Economic Committee. Historically, fluctuations in inventory buying have accentuated swings in the business cycle: in a recovery, businessmen help to create inflation by rapidly building up their inventories, and in a recession they contribute to unemployment by cutting back sharply on their orders. "Investment in inventories," lamented the Joint Committee's economic experts, "has been perverse in timing and magnitude."

By the time the committee hearings ended, the Congressmen had heard plenty of conflicting suggestions on what to do. The most drastic proposal was that busi-



SKATING MESSENGER (1945)  
Growing up to computers.

nessmen be taxed on changes in their inventory levels; this made scant sense, since every businessman already stands to save money if he can stabilize his inventory. At the other extreme was Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin, who argued that "inventory fluctuation is symptomatic rather than fundamental," hence any attempt to influence inventory policy directly would be pointless.

**Missing Motives.** All this probing comes at a time when U.S. businessmen seemed to be managing their inventories more smoothly than ever before. Since the economy began to turn up again 17 months ago, inventories have been growing at a far less rapid pace than in previous recoveries. The rate of increase in inventory buying has actually declined every month since last January; in May, total business inventories rose only \$170 million (to \$97.4 billion), the smallest increase in nine months.

Businessmen are building up their stocks more slowly nowadays because two of the old motives for heavy inventory accumulation are missing: 1) there is little need to order from suppliers long in advance, since industry is operating well below capacity; 2) there is less pressure to buy now as a hedge against future price rises because inflation is less of a threat. More and more firms are gearing their inventories more closely to sales by using computers to make speedier sales projections. Computer projections have enabled one division of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp. to get along with 10% less inventory.

**Lost Fat.** So far, only a minority of U.S. companies use computers this way. When a majority get around to it, the average size of business inventories (which has declined from 47 days' supply on hand six years ago to 44 days' supply now) should be cut further. For the economy as a whole, this should be all to the good. Though cautious inventory buying has contributed to the sluggishness of the latest recovery, it may make the next downturn less severe, because businessmen will have less inventory fat to work off before they must start stocking up again.

## MANAGEMENT

### Not so Sad Sack

Charging into the cavernous lobby of New England's biggest movie theater, the man with the big cigar gestured expansively at an abstract mosaic in ceramic tile. "Looka that, friend," he roared. "Know what it cost? Twelve big ones [i.e., \$12,000]. Newly refurbished and reopened as the Music Hall, Boston's old, 4,250-seat Metropolitan Theater was undeniably cinematic. So, in his own way, is its boss—hefty (6 ft., 240 lbs.) Ben Sack, 41.

Though television once seemed about to bankrupt the movie-theater business, many cinemas are making money again by showing wide-screened, star-studded spectacles for longer runs and at higher prices. Big Ben Sack, who operates five

theaters in downtown Boston and is building a sixth, is a leading practitioner of the new formula. "He is the outstanding independent in the country," says one Hollywood booking executive.

**Dillinger & the Pope.** Sack got into the theater business by accident. The son of immigrant Russian Jews, Sack owned four meat markets by the time he was 10, lost them at 20 when the Depression hit. Turning to a truck driver's job with a scrap-metal firm owned by his in-laws, he soon wound up owning the company and by World War II was a happy "junkman" grossing \$15 million annually.

One evening in 1948 Sack returned to a gin rummy game he had just left to retrieve a forgotten golf pencil. At the table, he fell into conversation with another player, ended up lending him \$10,000 to renovate a movie house in Lowell, Mass. The loan eventually expanded into a \$200,000 investment in three theaters. When his partner decided to sell out,



BEN SACK  
Using a profitable brand of ignorance.

Sack suddenly found himself in the theater business. "What did I know about theaters?" he asks. "About as much as John Dillinger knew about being Pope."

**Like a Death Notice.** Today every theater owner in New England envies Ben Sack's brand of ignorance. Sack persuaded Hollywood to give him first-run rights in Boston to such films as *Bridge on the River Kwai* by offering a guarantee of \$100,000, four times the top offer of his competitors. He pours out \$600,000 a year to plug his shows by television, radio and massive five-column newspaper advertisements. "Looka that," he says scornfully of a rival's smaller ad. "It's like a death notice."

Sack staffs his theaters carefully and keeps the help honest by ringing in an occasional private detective disguised as a moviegoer to make sure the audience count is correct. He is insistent on cleanliness, will berate usherettes for not pick-

ing up paper from the aisles and scold janitors when he finds dust in rest rooms. Sack likes to roam his lobbies, reminding women patrons that "this place is clean enough to bring your children to, right?" He has been known to step out of his \$15,000, chauffeur-driven Cadillac in front of a Sack theater to hustle customers into the house like a sideshow Barker.

**Full House.** Sack claims that his theaters are grossing \$2,300,000 a year. He should do even better now that he has added the Music Hall, which cost him \$600,000 to renovate. Along with movies the big theater is booked for the Bolshoi Ballet this winter, the Metropolitan Opera in the spring, and will be rented out to Boston firms for sales meetings. "What the hell do I care what they do there in the morning?" says Sack. "I want it filled all day long."

## CREDIT

### Beware of the Walkaways

Homeowners of a new and unattractive breed are plaguing the Federal Housing Administration these days. Known as "the walkaways," they are people who find themselves unable to meet their mortgage payments—and to solve the problem simply move out their belongings at night, drop their house key in the mailbox and disappear. In West Texas, largely because of walkaways, the Federal Government currently has 1,800 repossessed houses on its hands. In seven South Florida counties, walkaways have abandoned 1,000 FHA-guaranteed homes in the past twelve months.

Because it underwrites low-cost housing for high-risk groups, the FHA's problems are particularly acute. But mortgage defaults in general have long been increasing throughout the nation. The rate of mortgage foreclosures has tripled during the past ten years, to an estimated 3.77 per 1,000 mortgages. Most housing economists agree that the leveling off of home prices in many parts of the U.S. accounts for most of the increase. As long as home prices were rising, a homeowner who could not meet his payments could always sell out—usually at a profit. Now, with prices steady, an overextended homeowner must either sell at a loss or face foreclosure.

Though the increase in the foreclosure rate so far causes housing experts little anxiety, they do worry about the abundance of new mortgage money from commercial banks. When the Federal Reserve allowed commercial banks to raise interest payments on savings accounts to 4% last January, the banks began pumping money into FHA-insured home loans to offset their own increased costs. In the elbowing for new business, there is a danger that the banks will sign up an increasing percentage of bad mortgage risks. Confides a leading West Coast banker: "Again and again I have to tell my branch managers that I would rather have a soundly conceived mortgage at 5½% than one at 6½% which goes bad." Unless the branch managers take this advice to heart, today's overambitious mortgages will create tomorrow's walkaways.

# WORLD BUSINESS

## WORLD TRADE

### The Overflowing Cup

Way down among Brazilians, Coffee beans grow by the billions. So they've got to find those extra cups to fill. They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil.

—The Coffee Song

They sure do. Piled in warehouses throughout Brazil are 52 million bags of coffee—nearly enough to meet world demand for a full year. Trouble is, 40-odd other countries are also growing—and stockpiling—coffee. Last week, faced with yet another surplus crop year, representatives of 67 nations, including all the major coffee producers and consumers, met at the U.N. in an effort to restore order to the glutted world coffee market.

**Vicious Cycle.** The present surplus began brewing in the years just after World War II, when increased U.S. and European demands lifted coffee prices as high as \$102 a bag. Latin Americans expanded their plantations, and for the first time there was a large-scale planting of coffee trees in Africa.

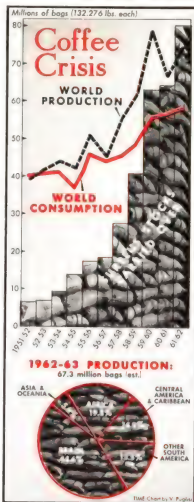
The new trees, coming into full production in the mid-'50s, overloaded the market, and coffee fell to \$75 a bag in 1955. Coffee-producing nations, most of which depend almost entirely on coffee exports to earn foreign exchange, tried to offset the price drop by increasing production. The result was even further drops in price.

**Bulldozing.** In 1958 the U.S. tried to stave off the coffee chaos by helping to set up a Coffee Study Group among all major coffee-producing countries; the effort failed because the Study Group's export quotas were not made binding. Delegates to the current U.N. conference all want a tougher international control system. The most promising plan calls for a five-year stabilization of coffee prices at the present level, or slightly higher.

Under the proposed plan, coffee exports would be tightly controlled by a national quota system, which would also bar the consuming nations from shopping around. Producing countries would use their profits during this price freeze to diversify their economies—an effort that some are now making. In Brazil last week bulldozers began bowling over the first of two billion coffee trees slated for destruction under a \$70 million government plan to diversify Brazilian agriculture. Part of President Kennedy's recent \$20 million loan to Mexico will be used to convert coffee acreage to other crops.

**Trade Not Aid.** The chief argument at the U.N. conference is over whose quota should be cut most. As longtime producers, the Latin Americans want the quotas reckoned on output over an extended period; the Africans, who in a decade have doubled their sales to 12 million bags a year, want quotas set according to current export rankings.

Knowing that they cannot afford to fail,



the conferees will probably reach an agreement. They have been helped by a decision of the Common Market nations, which originally planned to admit coffee from France's former African colonies virtually free of tariff while slapping stiff duties on Latin American coffee. Now the Common Market has agreed to slash their general coffee tariff by 40%, giving Latin American nations a chance to compete too, so that these hard-pressed nations will not require so much foreign aid. Explains François Gavoty, France's delegate to the coffee conference: "We would rather pay higher prices for commodities than just give money away."

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Those Euro-Dollars

"Euro-dollars, indeed!" snorts the senior partner of a London banking house. "It's hot money—and I prefer to call it by that name." By whatever name it is called, a new, hybrid medium of exchange is now at work financing trade between the nations of the free world.

This new international trading currency consists of nothing more than U.S. dollars that have gone to Europe as a result of the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit—and that have stayed there because interest rates in Europe are higher than in the U.S. The spread in interest rates means that a foreign bank that holds dollars can lend them out overseas for more than they would earn in the U.S., yet still charge the borrower less than he would have to pay for a loan in local currency.

Today, an estimated three billion Euro-dollars circulate through Europe's banking community. German, Dutch or Swiss banks that are rich in foreign reserves regularly deposit their dollars in London—which already seems destined to become the financial capital of the Common Market. London banks, in turn, re-lend the Euro-dollars in Italy and Japan, where interest rates on foreign trade credits are particularly high. U.S. branch banks in Europe, eager to get into the profitable trade, have begun to court Euro-dollar deposits by paying higher interest rates on them than is permissible in the U.S.

Some European and U.S. bankers fear that the endless lending and re-lending of Euro-dollar balances has already led to a dangerous pyramiding of credit. Fortnight ago, U.S. Under Secretary of the Treasury Robert Roosa urged Congress to try and lure the wandering dollars home by eliminating U.S. interest ceilings on deposits from foreign central banks.

But other bankers and economists argue that the brisk trade in Euro-dollars has had at least two beneficial results: 1) it has helped meet the growing demand for trade credits among Western nations; 2) it has discouraged foreign banks from converting their dollar balances into U.S. gold, and thus has eased the drain on Fort Knox. The Euro-dollar, most experts agree, will gradually disappear if U.S. interest rates rise to European levels, or the U.S. payments deficit ends.

## LATIN AMERICA

### Borgward Hits the Road

Ever since aging German Carmaker Carl Borgward went broke last year (TIME, Feb. 17, 1961), there have been recurrent rumors that his Bremen plants were about to be sold to one or another of Detroit's Big Three. Last week, after six months of quiet negotiation, Borgward was finally sold for \$14 million—but not to Detroit. The buyer turned out to be Impulsora Mexicana Automotriz, a consortium recently formed by top Spanish Truck-maker Eduardo Barreiros Rodriguez and a covey of Latin American entrepreneurs, including Bolivian Tin King Antonio Patiño and Millionaire Mexico City Lawyer Ernesto Santos Galindo.

Ambitious purpose of the new consortium is to move Borgward's operations to Mexico, which is eagerly trying to build its own auto industry. First to move will be Borgward's body factory, subas-

sembly and assembly plants. Until Mexican technicians can be trained, mechanical parts will be made in Bremen—and production of complete cars for the European market may also be resumed there. Ultimately, however, Impulsora hopes to turn out 15,000 to 20,000 Mexican-produced Borgward PP 100s and Isabellas each year. In the meantime, the new consortium expects to pick up change by selling spare parts to owners of the thousands of German-made Borgwards still in circulation all around the world.

## WEST GERMANY

### The Little Man

Less than five years ago, oblivion loomed for West Germany's proud old Henschel Works. Founded in 1810 as a family machine shop, Henschel had long ranked as Europe's biggest producer of railroad locomotives and one of the Continent's major truck builders. But in the years following World War II, the company's family management stubbornly continued to concentrate on steam locomotives while Europe's railroads clamored for diesels and electrics. By 1958 Henschel was losing \$2,000,000 a year, and creditors were beginning to encircle its huge new plant in the Hessian city of Kassel.

In desperation, a consortium of West German banks brought in as boss of Henschel a most atypical German industrialist—short, swarthy Fritz-Aurel Goergen, 53. Goergen makes no pretense to gentility or polish. In sports, his tastes run to soccer and pigeon raising, his favorite drink is the traditional German miner's tipple of "steel and iron" (schnapps mixed with beer), and an unwelcome visitor to his office is apt to be presented with a calling card bearing a highly ribald piece of



HENSCHEL'S GOERGEN

Strong tastes—and sales to match.

advice. Fritz-Aurel Goergen proudly describes himself as a "little man."

When it comes to running things, Goergen seems taller. The son of a small candy shop proprietor, Goergen started out as an accountant, and in the aftermath of World War II was named director of a small fragment of the prewar Thyssen steel empire. Within ten years he had built it into Germany's second largest steel company—only to be booted out with \$600,000 in severance pay when aristocratic Frau Amelie Thyssen, the company's largest stockholder, decided that the brash Goergen was not her dish of tea.

**No Ceremony.** When he was picked to run Henschel five years ago, Goergen unceremoniously began by firing most of

Henschel's top management, decreeing an immediate switch into diesel and electric locomotives and cutting the company's truck line from 45 models to ten. Simultaneously, he diversified into road-building equipment, machine tools, diesel generators, military vehicles and helicopters. Many of the new products were built under licensing agreements with such U.S. firms as E. W. Bliss (road builders) and Produx Corp. (plastics machinery). By 1960 Henschel had tripled its sales and was showing a profit of \$1,250,000.

At the time he joined Henschel, Goergen bought up 27.5% of the company's stock, and by the end of 1960 he owned 95% of it. Last year he sold a 43.4% interest in the company to Paris-based Australian financier Joseph R. Nash and a U.S. consortium including the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., Yale University, and the General Tire Co. pension fund. One reason for the sale was that Goergen was finding it hard to persuade German banks to meet his ever-mounting demands for expansion capital. But he also had a non-financial motive. Says he: "I see great advantages in cooperation with American firms in view of our common political outlook—so long as we understand that Europe is not America and America is not Europe."

**Souvenir.** Today, on the wall of his Kassel board room, Fritz-Aurel Goergen displays a selection of letters from his German bankers. Written as late as January of last year, they all protest nervously at his ambitious expansion plans for Henschel. A target of \$122 million in sales for Henschel, complains one of the letters, is "intolerable." Says Goergen, whose sales have already hit \$125 million and are still growing: "Putting those up for all to see is the revenge of the little man."

## PERSONAL FILE

- Late last month, mercurial Planemaker Georges Hereil, 53, father of the Caravelle jetliner, walked out as president of France's nationalized Sud Aviation in disgust over government interference with his plans. To succeed him as boss of the Continent's biggest aircraft producer, the government last week chose Air Force General **André Puget**, 51, recently eased out as chief of the French General Staff for his foot dragging over De Gaulle's Algerian policy. It will not be smooth going at Sud Aviation either for Puget, a quiet, amiable St.-Cyr graduate. Though Sud Aviation made \$8,300,000 last year, it has yet to recoup the original development costs of the Caravelle, and faces even greater outlays on the Mach 2 Super Caravelle, which it plans to turn out in cooperation with the British Aircraft Corp.

- An old judo expert himself (black belt, second class), President **Isamu Kuwabara**, 48, of Tokyo's Morozoff Brewing Co., believes that judoists make the best salesmen "because they are extra flexible in thinking and have tons of fighting spirit." He may have a point. With a sales staff that includes 15 black-belt holders, Kuwabara last year grossed \$4,170,000 selling liquors in a nation that used to tipple on sake and beer only. Now also sold in the U.S. by California Importer Lou Lamishaw, who expects to peddle \$2,000,000 worth this year, Kuwabara's liquors are based on tasteless grain alcohol, range from crème de menthe to Ocha, an alcoholic version of Japanese green tea. To publi-



PUGET



KUWABARA



GUTERMUTH

cize his line. Kuwabara will send his black-belt boys to selected U.S. watering places this fall. "You see," he explains in fractured English, "a new campaign in an old toga."

- A tubby onetime coal-mine handyman has West Germany's industrial titans worried. As boss of his nation's 522,000-member mine and power workers' union, **Heinrich Gutermuth**, 64, recently inveigled the Adenauer government into arbitrating a 7% wage rise for his Ruhr miners by threatening a strike on the eve of important local elections. West Germany's faltering coal industry will have to rely on some sort of government subsidy to meet the extra \$82 million-a-year wage bill. Now Gutermuth is touring the Common Market nations urging all six to nationalize their coal industries. His reasoning: if Europe's obsolescent mines become government-owned, they will obviously get government protection against competing fuels, and may thus be in a position to keep wages and employment artificially high.



## SPORT

### Lefty Among the Righties

*Stalwarts have hunted the charging lion, deep in the jungle veldt.  
Brave men have stood to the tiger's rush seeking his costly pelt.  
Hunters have tackled the elephant, never a job for clowns.  
This world is packed with its daring deeds—but Veeck has purchased the Browns.*

So wrote Grantland Rice in 1951, when Promoter Bill Veeck bought the hapless St. Louis Browns, a team that had crept out of the American League's second division only eleven times in 47 years. "Many critics were surprised to know the Browns could be bought," added John Lardner, "because they didn't know that the Browns were owned." That quickly changed: everybody always knew what Bill Veeck was doing, even if they rarely knew why. For 15 years, as owner of first the Cleveland Indians, then the Browns and finally the Chicago White Sox, William Louis Veeck Jr. gave big league baseball its dizziest merry-go-round ride. Now he chronicles his turbulent career in *Veeck—as in Wreck* (G. P. Putnam's Sons: \$4.95), a brash, blunt autobiography that is certain—like everything else he has done—to tickle fans and raise his fellow owners' hackles.

**Bubble Ink & Beer.** As he tells it, he had only \$11 to his name when he bought his first ball club—the minor league Milwaukee Brewers—and he blew \$10 of that celebrating the event. In later years, he was playing with millions, and his fortunes zigzagged up and down just as fast. His teams won pennants and finished dead last. He set attendance records (his 1948 season total of 2,620,627 in Cleveland is still a major league mark) and flirted with bankruptcy. A confessed "publicity hound" who for years stumped around on a wooden peg (he lost his right leg as the result of a World War II inju-

ry), he spent money like a drunken sailor on sparkling Burgundy (he calls it "bubble ink") for himself, fireworks, exploding scoreboards, blaring bands and tightrope walkers for his wide-eyed fans.

"Baseball should be fun," Veeck insists, and he was good for a gag a minute. He staged a mock invasion from outer space. He gave away live squabs, ducks, chickens, pigs and lobsters as door prizes—or, perhaps, 10,000 cupcakes or 1,000 cans of beer. "To give one can of beer to 1,000 people is not nearly as much fun as giving 1,000 cans of beer to one guy," writes Veeck. "You give 1,000 people a can of beer and each of them will drink it, smack his lips and go back to watching the game. You give 1,000 cans to one guy, and there is always the outside possibility that 50,000 people will talk about it." In St. Louis, Veeck enraged baseball purists by sending Midget (3 ft. 7 in.) Eddie Gaedel up to bat against the Detroit Tigers. League President Will Harridge instantly wrote midgets out of baseball—and that was all Veeck needed. At 5 ft. 6 in., he insisted, should Yankee Shortstop Phil Rizzuto be classed as "a short ballplayer or a tall midget"? And "are we to assume that giants are also barred?"

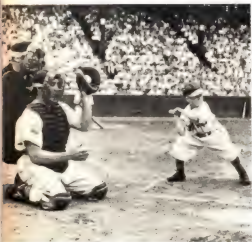
Harridge could consider himself ticked off—but lightly. In his book, Veeck has his rich, full say on some other baseball figures with whom he clashed. The man who could be so tender to his players that he once gave a sore-armed pitcher \$40,000 as a parting gift has bitter memories of his 1960 clash with Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick over the draft-choice plan for stocking the new American League clubs in Washington and Los Angeles. Veeck argued that the plan unfairly forced the old clubs to choose between keeping their veteran stars or their prize minor leaguers. But to no avail. "Let us be fair," writes Veeck. "Ford Frick does not try to do the wrong thing. Given the choice between doing something right or

something wrong Frick will usually begin by doing as little as possible. It is only when he is pushed to the wall for a decision that he will almost always, with sure instinct and unerring aim, make an unhealthy mess of things."

**Damn Yankees.** Considering himself "a left-hander in a right-handers' world," Veeck's relations with his fellow club owners were a succession of explosions. "If baseball owners ran Congress," he says, "Kansas and Nebraska would still be trying to get into the Union." More than anyone else, Veeck fought with the New York Yankees. "Hating the Yankees isn't part of my act," he says. "It is one of those exquisite times when life and art are in perfect conjunction."

In 1953 Yankee Co-Owners Dan Topping and Del Webb mustered votes to block Veeck's attempts to move his floundering St. Louis franchise to Baltimore—a town the Browns eventually wound up in after Veeck had been forced to sell out. "Topping was nothing if not frank," relates Veeck. "He said, 'We're going to keep you in St. Louis and bankrupt you. Then we'll decide where the franchise is going to go.'" As for Webb: "In Del's behalf, let me say that he does have a saintlike forbearance and a forgiving heart. Every year he brightens up my dreary holiday season with a warm and sentimental Christmas greeting. In order to savor the real Del Webb that lies beneath the deceptively cold exterior, it helps to know that his greetings come on the letterhead of his construction company, the Del E. Webb Corp., and are typed on one of those machines that are supposed to make a form letter look personal."

In the end, though, it was not the Yankees or Frick or financial problems that drove Bill Veeck out of baseball in June 1961. He was stricken with a vascular ailment, treated at the Mayo Clinic, ordered to take a long rest. Will he be back? Says Veeck: "Sometime, somewhere, there will be a club that no one really wants. And then Ole Will will come wandering back to laugh some more."



MIDGET GAEDDEL AT BAT



VEECK  
Ticking fans and taunting owners.



INVADING SPACEMEN



## CINEMA

### Wayne & the Wildebeests

*Hotaril* is an African western. The cowpokes (John Wayne, Hardy Krüger, Gerard Blain, Red Buttons) do not herd cattle and they do not ride horses. They get bucketing over the Tanganyika plains in Jeeps and trucks to lasso giraffes, rhinos, zebras, wild buffalo and wildebeests for zoos.

All of this has a manly, adventurous tang and the animals are so spirited and graceful that they merit every bit of superbly photographed film footage they get. When the beasts are off camera, the film is a beastly drag. Elsa Martinelli wants to be roped and wedding-banded by Wayne, but big John shies away from any species that a zoo will not buy. The other three white hunters follow the spoor of a comely teen-ager (Michele Girardon). Director Howard Hawks kids these silly romances, but two hours and 40 minutes among the wildebeests is apt to send moviegoers stampeding down the aisles for a deep, bracing breath of carbon monoxide.

### When Papa Was a Boy

*Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man*. Time has given Hemingway's life an aura of the magical. Hence this is an enchanted movie in the same way that forests and sleeping beauties and prince charmings in children's storybooks are enchanted. Using ten of the autobiographical Nick Adams tales, including a capsule version of *A Farewell to Arms*, Scriptwriter A. E. Hotchner and the producer the late Jerry Wald, have fashioned a reel-life pastiche that bears less resemblance to Hemingway's real life than to his stories.

Yet, purists who rush in to charge aesthetic vandalism may be ill advised. The film is innocuous and nostalgically charming rather than pretentious. Its basic emotion, a ruminative sadness welling from the pastness of the past, is established in the opening hunting and fishing scenes in virginal upper Michigan lake country. The script pertinently explores the family conflict between Hemingway's mother (Jessica Tandy), a high-minded, iron-willed culture coach ("After you've practiced the viola there'll be time enough for hunting"), and his father (Arthur Kennedy), a gentle, outdoors-loving doctor who either ran away from or yielded to wifely pressures. This parental tug of war became part of the permanent tension of Hemingway's life and work, the he-man v. esthete contradiction in his personality.

As the young Hemingway, Richard Beymer is outrageously handsome (as was Hemingway), but much too callow. He is less the hero to whom things happen, in classic Hemingway fashion, than the gape-mouthed onlooker before whom life stages some of its sardonic little spectacles. He breaks off, edgily, with his home-town fiancée; he sees his father perform a Caesarean, without anesthesia, on an Indian squaw;

he lights out for the big world via the hobo jungles and meets a punch-drunk ex-champion fighter. As the mentally woozy old "Battler," Paul Newman splats fist into palm in a ring-conditioned reflex grope spastically for the thoughts in his fogged-up brain, and achieves a vividly unlawful integrity of characterization that rebukes every lazy actor who ever let his own personality rub off on a part.

In any list of screen discredits, Susan Strasberg would rank high for her interpretation of the role of the nurse who inspired the character of *Farewell's* Cather-



BEYMER & TANDY IN "HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES"  
Sadness for the postness of the past.

ine Barkley. She plays it like a Manhattan West Side Camille without the cough. The film drags badly at this point and begins to conjure up dreadful possible sequels, e.g., *Hemingway in Pamplona*, *Hemingway at Toots Skorr's*, *Papa and "the Kraut."*

### Manhattan's Lower Depths

*Strangers in the City*. The camera noses its way along the city streets like an alley cat. It sniffs at battered ashcans spilling over with decaying garbage, a cornucopia of filth. It paws dirty shreds of newspapers that flutter along the sooty pavements like bedraggled kites. It blinks up at row on row of crumbling brownstones, their grimy windows staring blank emptily at the street like sightless eyes. The sound track tinkles with cool jazz the dry atonal music of the asphalt jungle, and keeps a somber throndy on Spanish guitar strings. The cross-cultural music is apt, for this is Spanish Harlem, known in Manhattan as "El Barrio," home to the huddled masses of the post-war wave of Puerto Rican immigration. The ingredients of this melting pot are concrete, corruption, and the vast hurrying indifference of the megalopolis. This is where the new American is made the hard way—out of pain, dirt, disease, violence and death.

*Strangers in the City* is a brilliantly

abrasive film that takes moviegoers where many Manhattanites themselves fear to go, into the rat-infested tenement hovels of the bruisingly poor, the lower depths of the richest city on earth. The film piles melodrama too heavily on its plot, but the harsh-grained honesty of its photography and the improvisational candor of its script make every tabloid cliché about the soulless city bristle with fresh life.

The story revolves around a hapless family that has recently come to New York. The father (Camilo Delgado) is a guitarist who refuses to wash dishes for a living for fear of ruining his musician's fingers. The mother (Rosita de Triana) simmers in sad-eyed frustration. The son

(Robert Gentile) tries to do an honest job as a grocery boy, but street gang punks torment and entangle him. The daughter (Creta Margos), a lissome, raven-haired beauty, gets work in a garment-factory loft, but the pigish foreman makes her earn her overtime pay with bodily favors. Her "promotion" is to become a call girl for out-of-town buyers. As the shady manufacturer who employs her, Kenny Delmar is uproariously funny with his seduction pad and patter.

All this leads to events that would be incredibly lurid if they were not enacted at a perfect pitch of passion and despair. Writer-Producer-Director-Photographer Rick Carrier gets a compelling spontaneity that suspends disbelief.

Shot after shot in *Strangers* defies mental erasure: grey, panoramic views of Manhattan steaming like a witch's cauldron; two boys slugging it out in a hysteria of violence in one of those brick-strewn empty lots that pockmark the city like bomb craters; a woman's clothed and rigid body floating just below the surface in a bathtub, her open eyes transfixed in a death agony. *Strangers* dishonestly suggests that it is reporting the plight of a typical Puerto Rican family; in fact few households would witness such a confection of swirling agonies in a lifetime in Manhattan's uptown slum. But as fiction *Strangers* is a gripping shocker.

## BOOKS

### False Dawn

THE INHERITORS (233 pp.)—William Golding—Harcourt, Brace & World (\$4.50).

Imagination is a word that scarcely occurs in modern criticism, perhaps because it has an amateurish, imprecise sound, and perhaps also because there is not often an occasion to use it. Not many of today's authors are good imaginers. One of the few is Britain's William Golding. 51. *Lord of the Flies*, his horrifying novel about castaway children, is a parable of man's instinctive hostility to man whose growing popularity in undergraduate circles (*Time*, June 22) now rivals that of *Catcher in the Rye*. Golding's new book is less savage, and it is no parable, but a subdued, haunting tale told for the satisfaction of telling. Its subject is the last days, millennia ago, of Europe's last band of Neanderthal men.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* deals cursorily with the Neanderthals, merely giving their physical characteristics (thickest physiques, sloping foreheads, receding chins) and observing that they were an aberrant strain, extinct 50,000 years ago. With the skill of an artist (and not, as is often the case in attempts of this kind, a taxidermist), Golding re-creates the Neanderthals and the dawn mist in which they lived. To the eye they are stubby, smallish, powerful near apes, covered with reddish fur. But they are dimly intelligent, although their minds do not work like those of Homo sapiens. In addition to the simple tools and religion that archaeology dictates, Golding gives them a rude telepathic sense—although he deals with this so restrainedly that it never seems a science-fiction gimmick.

**Black Ending.** The author's dawn men are a tiny, dejected band—six adults, one of them a moron (his mind makes few telepathic pictures), a small girl and an infant. Hungrily they trudge to their upland hunting grounds at the end of winter. They know that their numbers are fewer than in past years, but they do not know why. Neither does the reader, who is left to speculate on plagues and warfare. Golding gives no more information than is available through the eyes of the Neanderthals—a difficult technique, but well suited to evoking the bleak terror of a race's ending.

The band finds food, but things begin to go strangely wrong. Their best hunter does not return from a foray. The two children are stolen. Finally, the Neanderthals discover their enemies. They are a tall, erect race of Homo sapiens, equipped with log boats, bows and arrows. In the blind struggle of mutual fear waged in the dark forests, the new men kill the last Neanderthal woman. The last dawn man crawls back to his cave and docilely assumes the burial posture, knees drawn to chest. At the edge of the cave can be seen the shapes of byenas.

So much is fine storytelling; the re-

mainder is an ironist's art. The viewpoint abruptly shifts to that of the new men. In their log boats, they are fleeing in panic from the terrors of the dark forests and the strange, hairy creatures whom they had, all unwittingly, already exterminated for all history. One of them works on a piece of ivory, grinding it to a point with a stone, and wonders why he bothers: "Who would sharpen a point against the darkness of the world?" he thinks.

**Line of Darkness.** With the subtlety of a point not stated, Golding is suggesting that the long ordeal of man's blind drive



NOVELIST GOLDING  
Back to imagination.

toward the light has often seemed, at best, the meaningless product of circumstance. It is the same point Matthew Arnold made in his lines:

*And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept by confused alarms of struggle  
and of flight,*

*Where ignorant armies clash by night.*

In fact, Golding provides almost a conscious echo of Arnold's theme in the book's last words, as the helmsman strains ahead looking for a clear space beyond the fearful darkness of the tree-bordered shore: "He peered forward past the sail to see what lay at the other end of the lake, but it was so long, and there was such a flashing from the water that he could not see if the line of darkness had an ending."

### Assistant Executioner

ROCKING THE BOAT (300 pp.)—Gore Vidal—Little, Brown (\$5.00).

With the publication of this wistfully titled collection of literary and political essays, Gore Vidal must be acknowledged the nation's foremost boy of letters. The office is an honorable one, having been held previously by Truman Capote, Scott

Fitzgerald and Stephen Crane—although it is true that both Crane and Fitzgerald relinquished the honor in their mid-twenties and went on to man's literary estate, while Vidal, at the moment of his elevation, is 36. The new boy earned his rank by writing, before he was 30, eight thrilling novels (the most notable, *The City and the Pillars*, was the warmly sympathetic apologia of a tennis player who liked tennis players much better than he liked playing tennis), and then chucked it all to write for television. This dramatic renunciation—Rimbaud would never have gone into gunrunning if there had been television to write for—had its purgative effect, and Vidal soon became the author of three successful Broadway farces (*Visit to a Small Planet*, *The Best Man*, *Romulus*).

**Constant Grin.** Now, once again, Vidal shows exceptional promise in a new literary line. His reviews and essays do not, of course, rock the boat enough to alarm the passengers. But to politics, for instance, Vidal brings the useful viewpoint of a fascinated outsider-insider (he is the grandson of the late Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, U.S. Senator from 1907 to 1937, and in 1960 he himself ran for Congress as a Democrat in a Republican upstate New York district). He observes that since F.D.R. set the fashion, all U.S. politicians must grin constantly in public; he recalls having a thoughtful conversation with Harry Truman at a public dinner, when suddenly, "though his tone did not change, his face jerked abruptly into a euphoric grin, all teeth showing. I thought he had gone mad, until I noticed photographers in the middle distance." An interview with Barry Goldwater is an excellent example of that 20th century refinement of reporting, the fair-minded, objective machine-gunning.

Vidal can be even better writing about literature. He ticks off one of Broadway's more annoying current mannerisms: "Just name your problem, sit back, and let love solve it: race prejudice, foreign relations—even Job reeling beneath the unkind attentions of a dubious Yale God gets off the hook at the end of *When Love*, which has now replaced the third-act marines of a simpler time." And in a piece lamenting a supposed decline in satire, he proposes an excellent canon for satirists in an age that has gone mushy with tolerance: "As long as any group within the society deliberately maintains its identity, it is, or should be, a fair target for satire, both for its own good and for society's."

**Skipped Work.** This is his best, and if his average were anywhere near his best, he might stand a chance of becoming the assistant official executioner of belles-lettres—a kind of minor Mary McCarthy. But the odds are not favorable. No essay in the book glitters from beginning to end. There are large patches of swampy thinking and flaccid writing; what the reader sees is not Vidal the reformed television hack, but Vidal the unregenerate TV personality, amiably paying for skipped work in the false currency of charm. Example: "Politically, to make an atrocious pun, Dos Passos is for the Byrds."

## The Subtleties of Cruelty

THE COMPLETE TALES OF HENRY JAMES, VOLUMES I AND II (876 pp.)—Edited by Leon Edel—Lippincott (\$11.90).

Writers from Sophocles to James Jones have believed in winning readers by giving them plenty of action. But in Henry James's 20 novels and 112 tales of upper-class life, blood is rarely spilled (and if it is, hastily wiped away), sex is at best suggested, voices are seldom even raised. His brother William, the philosopher, pleaded with him: "Why won't you sit down and write a book with no twilight or mustiness in the plot, with great vigor and decisiveness in the action, no fencing in the dialogue, no psychological commentaries, and absolute straightness in the style?"

**Self-Centered Love.** But James felt he was more faithfully reflecting life than writers who concentrate on action. People mask their inner selves with elaborate manners and morals, and it was James's purpose to smoke them out. No other modern writer has so deftly exposed man's savagery beneath his civilized veneer. "James saw [the world] a place of torment," his personal secretary Theodora Bosanquet wrote, "where creatures of prey perpetually thrust their claws into the quivering flesh of the doomed, defenseless children of light. He saw fineness sacrificed to grossness, beauty to avarice, truth to a bold front. He hated the tyranny of persons over each other."

In these two volumes, the first of a contemplated twelve collecting all of James's stories, the young James was already subtly exploring human evil. His characters work their cruelty unconsciously; they kill by attrition and neglect. A devoted mother kills her soldier son by telling him, as he lies badly wounded, that the girl he left behind loves another man. A husband kills his sick wife by casually informing her that he spent the moment of her childbirth with another woman.

**Prettying Up Life.** The sensitive Jamesian gentleman who views life as if it should be a pretty picture makes his first appearance. By ignoring evil, he usually ends up disillusioned and despairing. "I was born with a soul for the picturesque," confesses the middle-aged hero of *A Passionate Pilgrim*. "I found a world all hard lines and harsh lights, without shade, without composition, without the lovely mystery of color. I went about with my brush touching up and toning down. A very pretty chiaroscuro you'll find in my track!" A failure in America, he goes to England, where the charm of the rain-wet countryside convinces him that life must be gentler there. He visits an aristocratic relative, dreams of living on his sumptuous estate and marrying his sister. But though the English countryside is gentle, the sour old aristocrat is not. After insulting the American, he brutally throws him out. "What a dream!" murmurs the American, soon to die. "What an awakening!"

James later toned down the melodrama

of these early stories, and fewer characters died of broken hearts. But only one of these stories is hopelessly bad; a few rank not far below the best of James's later tales.

## The Rewards of Doggedness

MEN AND DECISIONS (468 pp.)—Lewis L. Strauss—Doubleday (\$6.95).

When last noticed by the public eye, Lewis L. Strauss was in a position of some embarrassment: the Senate refused to ratify President Eisenhower's nomination of him as Secretary of Commerce. Strauss's memoirs may now remind readers of his many real accomplishments be-



PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

MEMOIRIST STRAUSS  
Back to the accomplishments.

fore they were obscured by political rows.

Strauss's book mingles personal history with some memorable portraits of leading politicians and scientists. At 21 Strauss was already rubbing shoulders with them. The son of the vice president of a prosperous shoe company in Richmond, Strauss decided to seek his fortune in Washington in 1917 instead of going to college. He stationed himself outside the hotel room of Herbert Hoover, who had also just come to Washington to head the wartime Food Administration. When Hoover showed up, Strauss brashly asked him for a job. Said Hoover laconically: "Take off your coat."

**Salty Man.** Strauss became Hoover's private secretary, accompanied him to Europe to help with the food relief program. Strauss provides glimpses of a salty Hoover. "Young man," a British admiral said to Hoover, "I don't see why you American chaps want to feed those bloody Germans." Snapped Hoover: "Old man, we can't understand why you British chaps want to starve women and children after they are licked."

Strauss enjoyed a personal triumph at the Paris Peace Conference. He drafted a letter that Hoover sent to President

Wilson urging independence for Finland. When it was granted, the Finnish representative came by with tears in his eyes to thank the young Strauss.

After the conference, Strauss went to work for the New York investment banking firm, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., stayed for 25 years. In World War II, Strauss joined the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, helped establish the Office of Naval Research. His particular hero was then Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, who, he believes, became the most powerful member of the wartime Cabinet and, had he lived, might have been Eisenhower's opponent in 1952. Strauss's particular antipathy was the Chief of Naval Operations, Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King. When King announced one day that he was impounding typewriters to cut down paper work, Strauss cracked: "This would be like inhibiting pickpockets by doing away with pockets." Writes Strauss: "This was the beginning of my private war with Admiral King, which survived both V-E and V-J days."

**Battle for the Bomb.** Strauss was one of few in the Government to argue against using atomic bombs on Japan; he contends that U.S. policymakers knew Japan wanted to surrender long before they dropped the atomic bombs. But Strauss had no doubts about the need for the U.S. to keep ahead in the nuclear arms race. Shortly after his appointment to the AEC in 1946, he recommended building a monitoring system to detect Russian atomic blasts. At the time, most people thought a Russian atom bomb was years away; Strauss had to plead, push, finally offered \$1,000,000 out of his own pocket to speed up procurement. A scant four months after the monitoring began, a Russian blast was detected.

Strauss battled for the hydrogen bomb against even stronger opposition. It included the four other members of the AEC, as well as J. Robert Oppenheimer, and most other scientists advising the commission. President Truman took the advice of Strauss (and others) and ordered the bomb to be built. In August 1952, seven months after the first U.S. test, the Russians exploded their first hydrogen bomb. Strauss resigned from the AEC in 1950, but in 1953 he was appointed AEC chairman by Eisenhower and served until 1958.

For most of its pages, Strauss's book is a colorful tapestry of "men and decisions." But when it deals with Strauss's political infighting, it turns a dull grey. Once again Strauss defends his role in lifting Oppenheimer's security clearance. In the Dixon-Yates contract, in the Senate squabble over his own confirmation. But he shows no understanding of his opponents' point of view, misses the irony that he became as evasive under congressional grilling as Oppenheimer did when queried about his Communist connections. But Strauss's critics should beware of charging him with arrogance; it was part and parcel of the doggedness that led Strauss to fight for the hydrogen bomb when more adaptable people had their heads in the sand.

# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**Bird Man of Alcatraz** calmly examines the strange case of Robert F. Stroud, bird expert, murderer, and holder of the U.S. prison record (43 years) for solitary confinement. Burt Lancaster, as the bird man, and a superb cast make this one of the most powerful prison movies in years.

**Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave** are two vastly superior westerns about untamed, free-spirited men whom civilization has made obsolescent. Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott (*Country*) and Kirk Douglas (*Brave*) give strong, graceful performances with the unforced dignity of the old breed of western hero.

**The Concrete Jungle.** This strange, taut, jagged British crime movie crackles with the excitement of a cool jazz score and U.S.-born Director Joseph Losey's subtle vision of crime and the criminal.

**The Sky Above—The Mud Below.** French Adventurer Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau took his camera into uncharted New Guinea territory and brought back a gritty absorbing documentary record of headhunters, mock birth rituals, and curious relics of the Stone Age.

**Boccaccio '70** is scarcely the updated *Decameron* it tongue-in-cheekily professes to be, but Sex Goddesses Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg and Romy Schneider give highly eroticizing performances.

**The Notorious Landlady.** Jack Lemmon makes antic hay in this playful mystery-comedy with a London setting, and in one bathtub sequence, Kim Novak proves to be an accomplished nude.

**Lolita.** as Sue Lyon impersonates her, could be 17, which is ancient for nymphets. As a result, James Mason's obsession with her seems like just one last pathetic middle-aged man's fling. Comic Cut-up Peter Sellers saves the scenes he steals.

**Stowaway in the Sky** will enchant mopey, matron and graybeard with its balloonist's-eye view of the fair land of France.

**A Taste of Honey** is the story of a girl's bruising search for identity in the barren brick flats of the English poor. As the girl, Rita Tushingham may be the cinemactress find of the year.

## TELEVISION

Wed., July 25

**Howard K. Smith: News & Comment** (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).<sup>6</sup> A second look at whatever is the big news of the week.

**Focus on America** (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). A study of heart disease, including heart surgery, made at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital.

**David Brinkley's Journal** (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A Brinkley's job on rock 'n' roll and the slums of New York. Repeat.

Fri., July 27

**The World of Sophia Loren** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A TV biography. Repeat.

**Eyewitness** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news event.

Sun., July 29

**Wide World of Sports** (ABC, 5-6:30

p.m.). The Japanese all-star baseball game, taped in Fukuoka.

**Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The growth of American highways from Indian trails to twelve-lane zoomways of the future. Color.

**DePont Show of the Week** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A detailed account in motion and still pictures of the D-Day invasion of Normandy. Repeat.

Mon., July 30

**The Gentle Persuaders** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A study of American Quakers.

Tues., July 31

**Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny** (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). A repeat of the celebrated concert originally broadcast Sept. 27, 1961.

## THEATER

### Straw Hat

**Bar Harbor, Me.**, Bar Harbor Playhouse: Shelagh Delaney's bittersweet *A Taste of Honey*.

**Skowhegan, Me.**, Lakewood Theater: William Bendix in *The Gazebo*.

**Dorset, Vt.**, Caravan Theater: *Not in Earnest*, a new musical version of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners.

**Beverly, Mass.**, North Shore Music Theater: Met Soprano Mary Curtis-Verna in Jerome Kern's *Roberta*.

**Orleans, Mass.**, Orleans Arena Theater: *And Be My Love*, a new play by Novelist Robert Bryan about an expatriate American writer in Spain.

**Hyannis, Mass.**, Yachtsman Hotel: Chicago's Compass players bring their improvisations and political punning into the First Family's summer backyard.

**Matamoras, R.I.**, Theater-by-the-Sea: The premiere of *Hey You, Light Man!*, a new comedy by Oliver Hailey.

**Branford, Conn.**, Montowese Playhouse: A midsummer chiller, *Night Must Fall*.

**Wallingford, Conn.**, Oakdale Musical Theater: *Bells Are Ringing* with Gordon and Sheila MacRae holding the phones.

**Westport, Conn.**, Westport Country Playhouse: *Should Old Acquaintance* with Arlene Francis be forgot?

**East Rochester, N.Y.**, Town and Country Musicals: Dody Goodman in *Brigadoon*.

**Cedar Grove, N.J.**, Meadowbrook Dinner Theater: Mammie Van Doren in *Wildcat*.

**Philadelphia, Pa.**, Playhouse in the Park: Salome Jens and Luther Adler in O'Neill's *Anna Christie*.

**College Park, Md.**, University of Maryland Theater: *Engaged*, a comedy by the Gilbert half of Gilbert & Sullivan.

**Sarasota, Fla.**, Asolo Theater: The theater itself was built in 1690, has been imported lock, stock and proscenium from Italy. This season's repertory: Congreve's *The Way of the World*, Moliere's *The Misanthrope*, Paisiello's *The Barber of Seville*, Pergolesi's *The Music Master*, and *commedia dell'arte* improvisations.

**Worthington, Ohio**, Playhouse on the Green: Lillian Hellman's sour-grapes drama, *The Little Foxes*.

**Danville, Ky.**, Pioneer Playhouse: No. 5 in a series of ten new plays: *A Wall to*

*Wall Trap*, by George Auerbach, who will also play the lead.

**Kansas City, Mo.**, Starlight Theater: Cyril Ritchard and Pierre Olaf in *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

**Stanford, Calif.**, The Outer Circle: Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer* and Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story*.

**Stratford, Ont.**, Stratford Shakespeare Festival: Christopher Plummer in *Cyrano de Bergerac* joins the repertory, which includes *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Tempest* and *G. & S.'s The Gondoliers*.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**The Golden Notebook**, by Doris Lessing. A superior attempt at running elusive self-knowledge to earth—the self, in this case, that of a British woman writer who is the novel's tormented heroine; the knowledge, fascinating entries in four notebooks she keeps on four facets of her public and private life.

**Letting Go**, by Philip Roth. Page by page, because of the author's unmatched eye and ear, this novel of the university young is often a delight. Taken as a whole, it is a conventional analysis of the Angst of a world-weary hero.

**Death of a Highbrow**, by Frank Swinnerton. The fierce rivalry of two old men of letters ends in death for one, a bitter self-knowledge for the other.

**The Reivers**, by William Faulkner. The last master work of the great Southern writer, culminating a 30-year love affair with Yoknapatawpha County.

**Saint Francis**, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The saint loves and suffers in an agonizing human way in the most powerful account of his life ever written.

**An Unofficial Rose**, by Iris Murdoch. A variety of love affairs are subtly manipulated in this novel of British upper-class manners.

**The Wax Boom**, by George Mandel. A troop of U.S. cavalrymen desperately search for wax to make a light in a bomb-crushed cellar, but the darkness of death inevitably comes.

**Patriotic Gore**, by Edmund Wilson. An examination of Civil War writers, some good, some indifferent, but all wounded spiritually by the war.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (2, last week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (1)
3. *Deeply Beloved*, Lindbergh (3)
4. *Uhuru*, Ruark (5)
5. *The Prize*, Wallace (4)
6. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (8)
7. *The Big Laugh*, O'Hara (6)
8. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger (7)
9. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (10)
10. *Another Country*, Baldwin

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *In the Clearing*, Ford (6)
4. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (5)
5. *Calories Don't Count*, Taller (3)
6. *Conversations with Stalin*, Dillas (4)
7. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown
8. *Six Crises*, Nixon (7)
9. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (8)
10. *Vecek—As in Wreck*, Vecek

<sup>6</sup>All times E.D.T.



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## The rime of the "Modern" Mariner

*I sought seclusion by the sea,  
Yet would not be alone,  
I dwelt forlorn until one morn  
I heard—the telephone.*

*"We're on our way," my Fair One said  
"Just leave the beacon on."*

*A siren song. The day was long,  
But no more woebegone.*

*That night they came, a merry crew,  
(They'd won the race that day)  
A million stars burst over Mars  
Without a ricochet.*

*And they had brought a precious gift,  
A gift to please the eye,*

*A gift more rare than mountain air:  
'Twas Seagram's Extra Dry.*

*Just gin, you say? I say you nay.  
I say upon reflection  
'Tis spirit lean—urbane, serene,  
'Tis amber dry perfection.*

*Just gin, indeed! With glass in hand  
We watched the thund'ring sea,  
And as the roar broke on the shore—  
My fate stood next to me!*

*The pallid moon began to wane,  
And still my Fair One tarried,  
Two hearts had met, on that parapet  
We promised to be married.*

*Together now, alone no more,  
Sans care, sans worldly megrims,  
We toast long life as man and wife,  
With amber gin—by Seagram's!*



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